

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUR country, marvel of the earth !
 O realm to sudden greatness grown !
 The age that gloried in thy birth,
 Shall it behold thee overthrown ?
 Shall traitors lay that greatness low ?
 No, land of Hope and Blessing, No !

And we who wear thy glorious name,
 Shall we like cravens stand apart, —
 When those whom thou hast trusted aim
 The death-blow at thy generous heart ?
 Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo !
 Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No !

And they who founded, in our land,
 The power that rules from sea to sea,
 Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
 To leave their country great and free ?
 Their sleeping ashes, from below,
 Send up the thrilling murmur, No !

Knit they the gentle ties which long
 These sister States were proud to wear,
 And forged the kindly links so strong
 For idle hands in sport to tear, —
 For scornful hands aside to throw ?
 No, by our fathers' memory, No !

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
 Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,
 The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
 The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
 And Mississippi's torrent flow,
 And loud Niagara, answer, No !

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
 Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
 Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,
 " Proud country, welcome to the pit !
 So soon art thou, like us, brought low ? "
 No, sullen groups of shadows, No !

For now, behold, the arm that gave
 The victory in our fathers' day,
 Strong, as of old, to guard and save, —
 That mighty arm which none can stay, —
 On clouds above and fields below,
 Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No !

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

A SEA OF SOUND.

BY GRACE H. HORR.

My soul is floating out upon
 A sea of sound to-day ;
 And every wavelet of this sea
 Is bearing her away.

And every little blade of grass
 Is singing in the breeze ;
 And every little singing bird
 Keeps time upon the trees.

The gentle zephyrs, lovingly,
 Are playing on the vines ;
 And every tinkling riuilet
 To swell the sound combines.

Hark to the sweet-lipped humming bees ;
 The soaring lark's clear bell ;
 The linnet and the oriole —
 What wordless tales they tell !

Now, hear the trump and clarinet
 Come sounding from afar :
 The organ grand, and love-toned flute,
 The harp and the guitar !

I bathe in ecstasies within
 This mystic sea of sound !
 The atmosphere is vibrating
 With music all around !

Sweet symphonies and melodies
 And cadences I hear,
 Which vary as they fall upon
 My ravished, listening ear !

O, words for us are all too weak,
 And language is too poor !
 But words may cease, and language fail,
 Yet sound shall aye endure !

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dresse
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse.
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction ;
 An erring lace, which here and there
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher ;
 A cuffe neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly ;
 A winning wave (deserving note)
 In the tempestuous petticoat ;
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tye
 I see a wild civility ; —
 Doe more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

A Contribution to Mr. Grant White's Collection of
 "Impossible National Hymns."

FLING out the Starry Flag,
 Men of the kingless land,
 The hour of duty is tolling,
 Be ready, heart and hand.

Face all who dare deride it,
 Clasp all who seek its shade,
 If need be, die beside it
 For the country it has made.

They come to you in millions
 As once they came to Rome ;
 Give every man a welcome,
 Give each and all a home.

But read them all this lesson —
 They in return must stand,
 Ready to slay for the Starry Flag,
 Or to die for the kingless land.

Spectator.

A few days ago we read at the Athenæum an English copy of the following work. It was first issued more than 20 years ago, and has been through many English editions. Much interested by speculations akin to some of our own, we wrote to England for a copy of the book, that we might reprint it for the benefit of our readers, and afterwards discovered that it had been already published by Messrs. Crosby & Ainsworth, of Boston. Their edition has a preface by Mr. Hill, late President of Harvard University, in which he says:

"The circulation of this book would be, I am convinced, of benefit both to science and religion. To religion, by showing, so far as it goes, that science leads to faith. To science, by pointing out to younger students the true spirit in which she should be wooed; still more, by presenting her in a lovely and attractive garb to the notice of men. It is a book of sublime poetry; and it will be a happier day for all men, when they have learned that, as poetry signifies creation, so is the creation poetry; and science causes the heart of its faithful student to sing a perpetual hymn of praise and joy."

THE STARS AND THE EARTH;

OR, THOUGHTS UPON SPACE, TIME, AND ETERNITY.

It is a well-known proposition, that a luminous body arising at a certain distance cannot be perceived in the very same instant of time in which it becomes luminous, but that a period of time, although infinitely short, exists whilst the light, our only medium of vision, passes through the space between the object and our eyes.

The rate at which the light travels is so exceedingly rapid, that it certainly has never been observed, nor have any attempts to measure it been made, in the insignificant distances at which objects upon the earth are visible to us. But since we see bodies at a distance immeasurably greater than the compass of terrestrial dimensions (namely, in viewing the stars above), the most acute calculations and observations have enabled astronomers to measure the speed of light, and to find that it travels at a rate of about two hundred and thirteen thousand miles in a second.

This number is not quite accurate; but, as we now only propose to lay down a general idea, for which the close reckoning of astronomical calculation is not necessary, we will content ourselves here, and in the following pages, with adducing a general average number.

Thus light travels two hundred and thirteen thousand miles in a second; and, as the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles distant, it follows that, when the first

narrow streak of the moon emerges from the shadow of an eclipse, nearly a second and a quarter elapses before we see it; for the light takes this time to pass from the moon to our eyes. The moon, therefore, makes each of her changes a second and a quarter before it becomes visible to us.*

The sun, ninety-five millions of miles distant, four hundred times farther than the moon, requires a period four hundred times longer than the moon (i. e., four hundred times five quarters of a second) to send its light upon our earth. Hence, when any change takes place in the sun, when, for instance, a solar spot creeps round the eastern limb, about eight minutes elapse before the light reaches our eyes; and the spot remains visible to us eight minutes after it has passed behind the western limb.

The distance of the planet Jupiter from our earth, at the time when it is the greatest, is nearly six hundred and seventeen millions of miles. This is six times and a half as great as the distance of the sun, and therefore the light requires fifty-two minutes to penetrate from Jupiter to us. Lastly, Uranus runs his solitary course at a distance of eighteen hundred millions of miles from us: his light requires, therefore, twenty times as long a period to travel to us as that of the sun, i. e., more than two hours; so that, for two hours, he has been past that point of his orbit in which we see him.

No planet has hitherto been discovered more distant than Uranus; but an infinite space exists beyond, separating our sun and its system of planets from the nearest fixed stars.†

The distance of the fixed stars from our earth was, until a very recent time, when the measurements of Struve and Bessel were crowned with such glittering results, a deep, inscrutable secret; but now we know that the nearest fixed star, namely, the brightest star in the constellation of Centaur, is about eighteen billions of miles distant. Its rays of light, therefore, penetrate to us in about three years; that is, the ray of light which meets our eyes from this star was not developed and emitted at the same moment, but three years ago.

* We take no notice of the refraction of the light.

† Since this was written a planet has been discovered at nearly double the distance of Uranus from the sun.

Struve has calculated, with respect to the well-known bright star Vega, in the constellation of the Lyre, that its light consumes twelve years and one month in reaching the earth; and, according to the measurements of Harding and the inquiries of recent astronomers, the following numbers have been deduced as the average distance of the fixed stars from us.

A ray of light requires, before it reaches the earth, from a star of the

1st magnitude	. . .	3 to 12 years.
2d "	. . .	20 years.
3d "	. . .	30 "
4th "	. . .	45 "
5th "	. . .	66 "
6th "	. . .	96 "
7th "	. . .	180 "

Moreover, Struve, from the dimensions of his telescope, and from the observation of the fact that a star of the twelfth magnitude, seen through it, has as much light as a star of the sixth magnitude seen with the naked eye, concludes that the distance of a star of the twelfth magnitude is forty-one times greater than that of one of the sixth magnitude; and, consequently, that the smallest of these stars visible to him is at a distance of twenty-three thousand billions of miles, and requires a period of time, for the travelling of the light to the earth, as great as four thousand years. That is, the ray of light from a star of the twelfth magnitude, which, we may mention, is only perceptible by means of a very good telescope, has, at the time it meets our eyes, already left the star four thousand years, and since that time has wandered on its own course, unconnected with its origin.

We have hitherto confined our considerations to our system of fixed stars; and we will not at present overstep this limit, although it would be easy, were we to enter into hypotheses, to multiply indefinitely these enormous proportions hitherto adduced.

According to a conjecture first made by the great Herschel, and afterwards further developed and rendered intelligible by Mädler, this entire system of fixed stars forms, if we may use the expression, a single lens-shaped canopy. That is, we, with our sun, are situated nearly in the middle of a space,

having the form of two watch-glasses placed with the concave surfaces towards each other. The surfaces of this canopy are studded tolerably equally with fixed stars. But as we are a thousand times nearer those situated above and below than those at the edges of this hollow lens, so the distances between the stars immediately above us seem greater, whilst the legions of those distributed at the edge are seen in densely crowded masses. We may consider the Milky Way as the edge and furthestmost limit of this set of fixed stars, where the infinitely distant crowds of stars are collected in such masses that their light flows together into a whitish cloud, and no longer permits us to isolate one star from another.

Beyond *this our lens*, Herschel and the most recent astronomers imagine that the spots of clouds which appear like oval flakes in the sky are other entirely distinct and independent systems, which float at such an immeasurable distance from us, that the light has to wander millions of years in reaching us.

It is, however, as we before remarked, sufficient for our purpose to take into consideration only the stars of the twelfth magnitude, from which the light can travel to us in four thousand years. From what we have already said, viz., that the ray of light meeting our eye is not sent forth from the star at the same moment, but arrives here according to the corresponding and requisite number of seconds, minutes, or years, it follows that we do not see the star as it is, but as it was at the time when the ray of light was emitted.

Thus, we see the star in Centaur as it was three years ago, Vega as it was twelve years and one month ago, and so on to the star of the twelfth magnitude, which we look upon as it shone four thousand years ago. Hence follows the conclusion, which has frequently been made by astronomers, and which in its results has become popular, viz., that a star of the twelfth magnitude may have been extinguished or set four thousand years ago, whilst we, nevertheless, continue to see its light shining.

This conclusion, when applied to each of the former positions, gives the following results.

We do not see the moon as it is, but as

it was a second and a quarter before; i. e., the moon may already have been dispersed into atoms for more than a second, and we should still see it entire and perfect.

We do not see the sun as it now is, but as it was eight minutes before; Jupiter as it was fifty-two minutes, Uranus as it was more than two hours before; the star in Centaur as it was three years ago; Vega as it was nine and a quarter years, and a star of the twelfth magnitude as it was four thousand years ago.

These propositions are well known, and have already been published in popular works upon astronomy.

It is really marvellous that nobody has thought of reversing them, and of drawing the very remarkable and astonishing conclusions which pour upon us in a full stream from the converse; and it is our intention here to examine the converse, and the inferences which may thence be drawn.

The following is the relative view of the matter. As we have before remarked, we see the disc of the moon, not in the form in which it now is, but as it was five quarters of a second before the time of observation.

In exactly the same way, an imaginary observer in the moon would not see the earth as it was at the moment of observation, but as it was five quarters of a second before. An observer from the sun sees the earth as it was eight minutes before. From Uranus the time between the reality and the perception by the eye being two hours and a half apart, — if, for example, the summit of the Alps on a certain morning was illumined by the first ray of the sun at six o'clock, an observer in this planet, who was provided either with the requisite power of vision or a sufficiently good telescope, would see this indication of the rising of the sun at half past eight of our time.

An observer in Centaur can, of course, never see the Northern hemisphere of the earth, because this constellation never rises above our horizon. But supposing it possible, and that an observer were standing in this star with such powerful vision as to be able to distinguish all particulars upon our little earth, shining but feebly luminous in its borrowed light, he would see, in the year 1843, the public illuminations which, in the

year 1840, made the cities of our native country shine with the brightness of day during the darkness of night. An observer in Vega would see what happened with us twelve years ago; and so on, until an inhabitant of a star of the twelfth magnitude, if we imagine him with unlimited power of vision contemplating the earth, sees it as it was four thousand years ago, when Memphis was founded, and the patriarch Abraham wandered upon its surface.

In the immeasurably great number of fixed stars which are scattered about in the universe, floating in ether at a distance of between fifteen and twenty billions of miles from us, reckoning backwards any given number of years, doubtless a star could be found which sees the past epochs of our earth as if existing now, or so nearly corresponding to the time, that the observer need wait no long time to see its condition at the required moment.

Let us here stop for a moment to make one of the inferences to be drawn from these propositions, which we have laid down, and which are so clear and evident to every reasonable mind.

We have here a perfectly intelligible perception of the idea of the omniscience of God with relation to past events. If we imagine the Deity as a man with human powers, but in a far superior degree, it will be easy for us to attribute to Him the faculty and power of really overlooking and discerning, even in the most minute particulars, every thing which may be sensibly and actually overlooked and seen from a real point of observation.

Thus, if we wish to comprehend how any past earthly deed or occurrence, even after thousands of years, is as distinctly and immediately in God's presence as if it were actually taking place before his eyes, it is sufficient for our purpose to imagine Him present at a certain point, at which the light and the reflection of the circumstance is just arriving.

Supposing that this result is established; Omniscience, with respect to the past, becomes identical and *one and the same thing* with actual Omnipresence with regard to space. For, if we imagine the eye of God

present at every point of space, the whole course of the history of the world appears to Him immediately and at once.

That which occurred on earth eight minutes before is glancing brightly and evidently in His sight in the sun. Upon the star of the twelfth magnitude, occurrences which have passed away for four thousand years are seen by Him; and in the intermediate points of space are the pictures of the events which have happened in every moment since.

Thus we have here the extension of Time, which corresponds with that of Space, brought so near to our sensible perception, that time and space cannot be considered as at all different from one another. For those things which are consecutive one to the other in point of time lie next to one another in space. The effect does not follow after the cause, but it exists visibly in space near it; and a picture has spread itself out before us, embracing space and time together, and representing both so entirely and at once that we are no longer able to separate or distinguish the extension of space from that of time.

The omniscience of God, with regard to the past, is become intelligible and easy to us, as a sensible and material all-surveying view. Before His eyes, endued with immeasurable powers of sight, the picture of past thousands of years is, at the present moment, actually extended in space.

Hence, when we imagine the purely human sense of sight, rendered more extended and acute, we are able actually to comprehend one of the attributes of the Deity.

But, according to the reverse, the excellence of this human sense becomes clear to us, if we have by this time understood that it only requires an increased optical and mechanical intensity of it to communicate, at least by approximation, a divine power, viz., omniscience with regard to the past, to beings endowed with such exalted powers of vision.

Having drawn this clear and intelligible inference from the previous considerations, let us take a step further in advance. But since from this point the ideas of *Possibility* and *Impossibility* must be frequently referred to, it is necessary that we and our readers mutually understand each other on this subject.

We call that *possible* which does not contradict the laws of thought; we call that *impossible* which contradicts these laws.

Hence, every ultimate accomplishment of a human discovery is *possible*. But it is impossible to reach the limit which can only

be attained on such suppositions as are themselves impossible according to the foregoing definition.

For example, it is possible to pass through any given definite space in any fixed and definite period of time. For as with a steam-carriage we can travel a geographical mile in ten minutes, and with the electric telegraph can ring a bell at a distance of ten miles in a second, so the supposition that we may be enabled to move from one place to another with a speed far surpassing the rapidity of light, rests upon possibility.

We repeat that practically and experimentally such a result will never be arrived at, and require simply that the following be allowed.

If we show that something which hitherto existed only in a dream, or in the imagination of the enthusiastic, can appear attainable and real; but has only such impediments as arise from inability to render perfect certain known mechanical powers, and to move from one place to another with sufficient rapidity; I say that, when we have shown this, the question is transferred from the jurisdiction of dreams and enthusiasm to the jurisdiction of that species of possibility which does not contradict the laws of thought. For example: the question whether there is such a bird as the phoenix, belongs to the dominion of dreams and folly. But, I say, if, supposing it were possible for us to prove that this bird actually were living in the centre of the earth, or below the depths of the ocean; and if this evidence were perfectly accurate, lucid, and irrefutable, then indeed it would still be impossible for us to see this bird with our bodily eyes; but now that the impediments which oppose the realization of the sight are clearly and intelligibly demonstrated, we may proceed to our purpose of contriving mechanical means to overcome them in the present instance.

Thus, a question hitherto only referable to the region of ideas, dreams, and enthusiasm, being brought to such a point that the impediments against its resolution are simply mechanical and relative to space, is placed quite in another and much nearer district; viz., under the dominion of what we above designated as possible. We must not here forget, that this possibility is not to be mistaken for experimental practicability, and not to be looked upon in reference to its execution being attained at any time; but it simply bears upon the question, inasmuch as ideas which are, as it were, overcome and won out of the region of empty thought into *this* district of possibility, are now brought nearer to our imme-

diates perception (be it well observed, *perception*, and not *practicability*), and are thus raised out of mere cloudy and feverish fancies into intelligible ideas.

I now continue in the supposition that I have hitherto made myself perfectly understood by the reader; that the idea of possibility which I have laid down has as little to do with dreams as it has, on the other side, with the question of practicability. With this idea we may maintain that it is possible, i.e., not in contradiction to the laws of thought, that a man may travel to a star in a given time; and that he may effect this, provided with so powerful a telescope as to be able to overcome every given distance, and every light and shadow in the object to be examined. With this supposition, and with the aid of a knowledge of the position and distance of every given fixed star (to be attained by the study of astronomy), it will be possible to recall sensibly to our very eyes an actual and true representation of every moment of history that has passed. If, for instance, we wish to see Luther before the council at Worms, we must transport ourselves in a second to a fixed star, from which the light requires about three hundred years (or so much more or less) in order to reach the earth. Thence the earth will appear in the same state, and with the same persons moving upon it, as it actually was at the time of the Reformation.

To the view of an observer from another fixed star, our Saviour appears now upon earth performing his miracles and ascending into heaven; and thus every moment which has passed during the lapse of centuries down to the present time may be actually recalled so as to be present.

Thus the universe incloses the pictures of the past, like an indestructible and incorruptible record containing the purest and clearest truth. And as sound propagates itself in the air, wave after wave; and the stroke of the bell, or the roar of the cannon, is heard only by those who stand nearest in the same moment when the clapper strikes the bell or the powder explodes; but each more distant spectator remarks a still greater interval between the light and the sound, until the human ear is no longer able to perceive the sound on account of the distance; or, to take a still clearer example, as thunder and lightning are in reality simultaneous, but in the storm the distant thunder follows at the interval of some minutes after the flash; so, in like manner, according to our ideas, the pictures of every occurrence propagate themselves into the distant ether, upon the wings of the ray of light; and, although they become weaker

and smaller, yet in immeasurable distance they still have colour and form; and as everything possessing colour and form is visible, so must these pictures also be said to be visible, however impossible it may be for the human eye to perceive it with the hitherto discovered optical apparatus. It is, besides, for the same reasons, the greatest rashness to wish to determine beforehand the limits beyond which the perfection of our optical instruments may never step. Who could have guessed at the wonderful results which have been discovered by means of Herschel's telescope and Ehrenberg's microscope? We do not, however, require its practicability, nor even any indication that it is to be hoped for, since we have before explained to the reader the idea which we intend to convey under the word *possible*; and we wish only to move in the regions of possibility of this kind.

Thus, that record which spreads itself out further and further in the universe, by the vibration of the light, really and actually exists and is visible, but to eyes more powerful than those of man.

The pictures of all secret deeds, which have ever been transacted, remain indissolubly and indelibly for ever, reaching from one sun beyond another. Not only upon the floor of the chamber is the blood-spot of murder indelibly fixed, but the deed glances further and further into the spacious heaven.

At this moment is seen, in one of the stars, the image of the cradle from which Caspar Hauser was taken to be inclosed in a living tomb for so many years; in another star glances the flash of the shot which killed Charles XII. But what need is there to refer to individual instances? It would be easy to carry it out to the smallest details; but we leave this to the fancy of the reader, and only request that he will not scorn these images as childish, until he has gone through with us the very serious and important inferences which we will now proceed to make.

Let us imagine an observer, with infinite powers of vision, in a star of the twelfth magnitude. He would see the earth at this moment as it existed at the time of Abraham. Let us, moreover, imagine him moved forwards in the direction of our earth, with such speed that in a short time (say in an hour) he comes to within the distance of a hundred millions of miles, being then as near to us as the sun is, whence the earth is seen as it was eight minutes before; let us imagine all this, quite apart from any claims of possibility or reality, and then we

have indubitably the following result, — that before the eye of this observer the entire history of the world, from the time of Abraham to the present day, passes by in the space of an hour. For, when the motion commenced, he viewed the earth as it was four thousand years ago; at the half-way, i. e., after half an hour, as it was two thousand years ago; after three quarters of an hour, as it was one thousand years ago; and after an hour, as it now is.

We want no further proof, and it is evident, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that if an observer were able to comprehend with his eye the whirling procession of these consecutive images, he would have lived through the entire history of the world, with all the events and transactions which have happened in the hemisphere of the globe turned towards him, in a single hour. If we divide the hour into four thousand parts, so that about a second corresponds to each, he has seen the events of a whole year in a single second. They have passed before him with all the particulars, all the motions and positions of the persons occupied, with the entire changing scenery, and he has lived through them all, — every thing entire and unshortened, but only in the quickest succession, — and one hour was for him crowded with quite as many events as the space of four thousand years upon earth. If we give the observer power also to halt at pleasure in his path, as he is flying through the ether, he will be able to represent to himself as rapidly as he pleases that moment in the world's history which he wishes to observe at leisure; provided he remains at a distance when this moment of history appears to have just arrived; allowing for the time which the light consumes in travelling to the position of the observer.

Here again we leave to the fancy of the poet the prosecution of further details, and come to the conclusions which we intend to make.

As we imagined an observer from a star of the twelfth magnitude capable of approaching the earth in an hour, we will now once more suppose that he can fly through the space in a second; or, like the electromagnetic power, in an immeasurably short time.

He would now live through the period of four thousand years, with all their events, completely, and as exactly in a moment of time as he did before, in the space of an hour.

The human mind, it is true, grows giddy at the thought of such a consecutive train of images and events; but we can easily

attribute to a higher or the highest spirit the power of distinguishing and comprehending with accuracy every individual wave in this astonishing stream.

Hence, the notion, that the Deity makes use of no measurement of time, is become clear and intelligible to us.

When it is written, "Before God a thousand years are as one day," it is a mere empty word, unless the idea is rendered perceptible to our senses. But when, as we have done, *by sensible and actual suppositions*, we are enabled to show that it is possible for a being simply endowed with a higher degree of human power to live through the history of four thousand years in a second, we think we have materially contributed to render intelligible the philosophical statement, that time is nothing existing for itself, but only the form and repository, without which we cannot imagine its contents, viz., the series of consecutive events.

If time was something *real and actually existing, and necessary to the occurrence of events*, it would be impossible for that to take place in a shorter time which occurs in a longer time. But here we see the entire contents of four thousand years concentrated into one second, and not mutilated or isolated, but every event completely surrounded with all its individual particulars and collateral circumstances. The duration of time is, therefore, unnecessary for the occurrence of events. Beginning and end may coalesce, and still inclose every thing intermediate.

Having thus laid our contemplations before the reader, we will express a hope that the images may appear as poetical and sublime to him as to us, and that an hitherto unknown clearness and insight has been given to his ideas of the omniscience, omnipresence, and eternity of God.

In conclusion, we must acknowledge a slight deception practised on the reader, of which we have rendered ourselves guilty with a quiet conscience. For the images of human and earthly events are not carried forward into the universe upon the wings of the light in so complete a manner, and without any exception, as we have represented. For example, what takes place within the houses cannot be seen, because the roofs and walls impede the passage of rays, &c.

Nevertheless, as we have frequently and expressly declared, we do not treat of a corporeal view, but of one indicated by possibility in the sense in which we have explained it; and we therefore consider

it conducive to the interest of these beautiful and poetical ideas to defer this correction until the end.

We leave the further execution of the details, as we before remarked, to the poet. We hope, however, soon to lay before the public, in continuation of these pages, a development of the new and penetrating ideas which have crowded upon us in such abundance, as the result of the foregoing considerations.

PART II.

It has been shown, in the First Part, how the reflection of earthly events is borne further and further upon the wings of a ray of light into the universe, so that the transactions which took place here thousands of years ago are to-day visible in a distant fixed star; for every thing that has form and color, however weak the light and however small its proportions, must be considered to be visible. Our theory has been allowed up to this point; viz., that an observer endowed with infinite powers of vision, who in an immeasurably short time has passed from a fixed star of the twelfth magnitude to the vicinity of the earth, must have seen completely, in this short space of time, the reflection of every thing which has passed during four thousand years upon the surface of the hemisphere directed towards him.

From these positions we deduced consequences which have the effect of rendering the ideas of Space, Time, and Eternity generally and easily intelligible.

The present little work is intended still further to illustrate these ideas in the same way, and to deliver to the public, in a comprehensible form, those truths and ideas which have hitherto been the exclusive property of professed philosophers; a service with which the reader should be so much the more pleased, since the author of these lines is very far from being willing to reckon himself among the number of these philosophers.

As the former treatise has already made our readers well acquainted with the plan of the argument, and the mode of demonstration which we employ, so much ceremony and so many details will not be necessary in the following considerations as were found to be so in the former part; a friendly amount of attention alone will enable us to go through together the following points, which are thus briefly enunciated.

Let us come to the question.

Exactly in the same way in which an infinitely quick passage from a fixed star to the earth crowds together the images of all earthly events into a single moment, so, by reversing the process, the succession of these pictures may, in the following way, be indefinitely deferred. Let us suppose that the light, and with it the reflection of some earthly occurrence, arrives at a fixed star of the second magnitude in about twenty years. Let us also suppose, that the observer mounts to this star in the space of twenty years and one day, starting at the moment when, for example, the blossom of a flower was beginning to unfold itself: he will there find the image of this flower in that stage of development in which it was one day after the commencement of its blooming. If he was endowed with infinite powers of sight and observation, and had been able to follow the development of the blossom throughout his entire journey, he would have had time and opportunity of studying for twenty years the changes which occurred to the flower upon earth in a single day. The successive changes in its form are, as it were, fixed before his eyes. As it is scarcely possible to catch with the eye a butterfly which flits past us, so as to detect the coloring of its wings; and, on the contrary, if we could follow and observe it in its flight, we might count out and separate even the minute grains of colored dust upon its wings; so would the observer, who had the power of following the reflection of a transitory event upon the wings of the light, be enabled to distinguish the most sudden changes with the greatest accuracy and leisure.

In this way we have, to a certain extent, a *Microscope for time*; for as the magnifying-glass apparently enlarges a thousand times the space which a minute object occupies, and thus renders it possible to separate the small contiguous portions of which it consists, which appear to the naked eye as collected into a single point, so he who is able to follow the reflected images of the stages of a rapid development with the speed of a ray of light, will be enabled to discover an endless number of separate transactions, of the existence of which we had no previous notion.

A flash of lightning, for example, appears as a momentary light, which blinds us for a time, without permitting us any power of distinguishing the causes which produce it.

But if we could follow the image of such a flash, only up to the sun, i. e., for eight minutes, we should be able to unfold se-

crets respecting the nature of the phenomenon, which would not be less astounding of their kind than the living worlds which the microscope exposes to our view in a drop of water.

Moreover, if, as we have remarked, the revolutions of our earth, at the time of the Deluge, are at the present time reflected upon a star of the twelfth magnitude, so we should see (if we were provided with infinite visual powers) the events which took place upon the star, not as they are to-day, but as they were thousands of years ago; so an inhabitant of that star, mounting away with the images and rays of light, would be able to solve, by his own personal inspection, all the problems of Geology and the Creation, concerning which our inquirers into natural history are to this day puzzling themselves. And this reflection does not refer to our earth alone, but the inhabitant of each star sees the past occurrences of other stars; and the events, not only of *our* world, but of *all* worlds, are at present expanded in space as the greatest and truest History of the Universe.

It was laid down and inculcated as strongly as possible in the First Part of this work, that, in these considerations, we only treat of such things *as can be imagined to be possible*, and that we avoid altogether any claims towards reality or practicability. To bring, however, our ideas one step nearer to those who cannot altogether resign their notions of probability, we will make the following remark: The fact that more distant objects appear to us smaller and with less distinct outlines and colors than those which are near, depends in the first place upon the formation of the human eye, and secondly upon the opacity of the atmosphere.

The rays of sight diverge from the eye, so that a very small body close to it fills up the interval between two such rays; whilst, at a greater distance, a much larger body is necessary to fill up the proportionately increased space between them. If we hold up a shilling at arm's length before our eyes, we may completely conceal the sun with it. If, on the contrary, an organ of vision was constructed in such a manner that the rays proceeded in parallel lines, every object would appear in proportion to every other, and of its own proper size, without any reference to the distance between it and the eye. We certainly should not see distant bodies *entire*, but only such small portions of them as are proportionate to the size of the organ of vision, constructed after this fashion; but this little portion would be visi-

ble with equal clearness at every distance, and a blade of grass upon the most distant fixed star could not escape our sight, provided our atmosphere was clear, and freed from all disturbing influences.

By the supposition of an organ of vision of such a construction as this, which assuredly no one will consider impossible to be imagined, it is hoped that the possibility of all that we have brought forward is rendered much more intelligible to many readers.

It would, nevertheless, be but fruitless trouble to spin out the thread of these thoughts any longer, if no further result could be deduced from them than the proof that some one thing would be possible if some other thing were possible; for one such combination of assumptions, however it may lay claim to some momentary interest, would remain but an empty sport of the fancy, which flits across the mind of the reader without leaving any lasting effect behind.

As we proceed in our reflections, we become convinced that we can build up a more solid superstructure by the help of this airy scaffolding, since the consequences which we think we can deduce will enable the reader to grasp the ideas of Space and Time as it were by intuition, whilst, without some such instructions, the description of metaphysical objects is frequently mere *words* for the generality of men. For it is one thing to acknowledge a certain position to be true because we cannot refute the premises from which it is deduced, and another to comprehend it so immediately and completely, that from this time it is in itself intelligible to us, and we consider anything which contradicts it to be absurd. Thus, for example, he to whom the geometrical proposition, that the angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles, has been intelligibly demonstrated, must acknowledge the truth of it; but he has not necessarily comprehended the proposition in its strictest sense. For this, it is requisite that he should get that close insight into the fact, that it belongs to the very existence of a triangle that the angles shall be together equal to two right angles, and that a triangle without this property is as inconceivable and as absurd as a four-cornered circle.

To prepare a way for such intuitive perception, and such immediate knowledge with respect to the nature of Time and Space, and to facilitate its acquisition, is the object of the following reflections. They shall from their plainness *constrain the reader to understand*, and shall force upon him clear notions with respect to matters from

which he has often turned away without any consideration.

Truly, the interest which men take in things is very varied, and frequently contradictory: what appears to one as of the highest importance, appears of no material consequence to another. There is, however, one question which must interest every one, even though his leisure and the bent of his mind may not permit him to devote himself earnestly and without intermission to the labor of attempting its solution. This question is the *How* and the *Wherefore* of all things. It is one from which the mind of man cannot be repulsed. When a child, he asks after the Maker of heaven and earth, and is relieved and contented by being directed to an all-wise and perfectly good Almighty Creator. To more mature reflection, this answer is no longer sufficient, because the attempt to deduce the multiplicity of things in the world around us from one single cause, viz., from God, leads us to contradictions which it is the province of Philosophy to unravel. Our mind can indeed only attribute a single effect to a single cause; and when we perceive manifold and different effects, it becomes at once requisite to our intellect to seek for manifold and various causes. This is a law which is so intolerant of exceptions, that we unwillingly suppose a difference to exist even where our senses cannot discern it. For example, the single ray of the sun gives us light and warmth: it is in our thoughts at once considered double, and analyzed into a lighting and a heating ray, because we are absolutely compelled, even against our inclination, to look out for two causes, a lighting and a warming power, for the two effects, light and heat.

Now, if, in consequence of some certain inherent property of our minds, we are compelled to look for a single First Cause and a single Creator for the sum of all the causes and effects which are manifest in the world, which fill it, and which indeed *are* the world, the First Cause must be entirely single and one, because, if we are unwilling to admit in *It* any difference or variety, we are again as irresistibly driven to the question, What can be the cause of these differences and varieties? It is, however, absurd to inquire after the origin of the First Cause of all things, because the very essence of a First Cause consists in the fact, that the inquiry after some more distant origin is impossible.

To solve and remove this contradiction and absurdity, is, as I have already remarked, the province of philosophers. It has frequently been asserted, that they have

discovered the solution; but the answer to the question "How?" is still due to the uninitiated; since philosophers allege, that the most intense study of philosophy is requisite to enable us to understand the results at which they arrive.

We are not, however, sufficiently submissive to be put off with such a mysterious answer; and the circumstance itself makes us suspect, that the philosophers cannot have convinced one another, but that the successor always confutes his predecessor; so that, in the most favorable view, philosophy has taken a step farther each time, but has not yet arrived at the goal.

Now, since all hope, upon the side of philosophers, has been cut off from us, of our ever arriving at the solution of the contradiction from which the intellect in vain struggles to free itself, we will make an attempt to point out, in a generally intelligible manner, a path by which the solution becomes conceivable: — *to point out a path*, I say; that is, I point out the way, and prove it, and render it intelligible that this path, if it is really pervious, *must* lead to the goal. Whether it can be travelled, must be decided by the inquiries, to stimulate and to advance which is the chief end of these lines, and the most earnest wish of the author. The course which our reflections will take apparently leads us away from the "Stars and the Earth"; but we shall return to them, and beg the reader to accompany us, step by step, to the conclusions which are the end of our journey.

But, as I have already said, since there is a contradiction between the assumption of a single original Cause, and the world with its manifold changes and phenomena, it follows that there is either no First Cause or no Multiplicity in the world, or, lastly, that both these assumptions are false.

To point out one of these three possible sources of error is, therefore, a step upon the road to truth.

If, for example, it is shown that the various and manifold phenomena in the world are really not various and manifold, but that they are only apparently so, the necessity of discovering for every variety a particular cause no longer exists, and thus a Single Cause becomes sufficient. We will show that such a view is possible, and *how* it is so.

As a single colorless ray of the sun, when it is seen through a prism, is decomposed into a broad surface with seven different colors, so a world which was really only a single indivisible point might, by our human senses, and by man's method of contemplation and comprehension, be divided,

as through a prism with a thousand sides, into the endless multitude of phenomena which are round about us.

All differences and distinctions which we perceive are of two kinds: first, the difference between things which are perceptible to our senses, as the sun, the heavenly bodies, men, beasts, and plants; and, secondly, the difference in matters beyond the cognizance of our senses, as of thoughts and truths. Thus, to mark out the way by which we can lead ourselves to consider the entire world as a single indivisible unit, we must solve a double problem: — To show, first, that the different thoughts and truths may be looked upon as a single truth; and, secondly, that the parts of the universe and of the history of the world which bear reference to Time and Space can also be viewed together as a single indivisible point.

The first part of the question is that which may be solved most easily, and in the most intelligible way. *There is only one truth*; and if we think that we can distinguish many, it only depends upon the limited nature of our understanding, which separates and decomposes this unity into many rays.

Let us begin with quite a simple example: Man is mortal, he thinks and he feels. These are three separate and different truths, according to our ordinary ideas. But the difference only depends upon the fact, that our mind is not able at once and completely to grasp and understand the idea of Man, with all its consequences. If this was the case, and if, as soon as we heard the word *Man*, there was present in our minds every thing which is requisite to the realization of the idea, we should immediately entertain the notion of Mortality, of Thought, and of Sensation; and it would not at first occur to us to analyze the idea, and to say "Man is mortal," any more than we should think that we are saying something particular, when we state that a square has four corners, because this property is already understood in the object, and together with it.

A second example will make this more evident. For one who has fully comprehended and knows what a triangle is, it is not requisite that he should be first informed that a triangle has three sides and three angles, that the three angles are together equal to two right angles, and that three lines drawn perpendicularly from the angles to the opposite sides cut one another at the same point; in short, all that mathematicians have made out concerning the properties of a triangle by a troublesome scientific process; but he understands it all at once. He who has completely compre-

hended the idea of the globe of our earth understands at once and immediately that it is round, that it is heavy, of what chemical components it is formed, the course it runs, and what creatures it produces. He has included Man, with all his deeds and transactions, his perceptions and ideas, his understanding and the illusions of his senses, as necessary attributes of the earth; and has seen that he could not bring himself to describe or imagine one of these points or truths as any thing special or separate, because he has comprehended all as indivisible and distinct consequences, and components of the idea Earth. He can put down and acknowledge each of these positions as a distinct truth, just as little as we can think that we are saying something particular when we remark, "A square has four angles."

Lastly, if we enlarge our ideas to the Universe, to the whole creation, in which all experience, truths, and ideas are included, it follows that, for the most perfect acquaintance with it, only *one* truth and *one* idea exists, viz., the Universe; and that the subdivision of this one universal knowledge is as purely human, and as certainly depends upon the imperfection of human powers of perception, as the necessity of dividing a single ray of the sun into a double power, viz., a lighting and heating ray, because it enlightens and warms us at the same time. For the universe is a great organic whole; and he who has understood and entirely comprehended the idea of an organized being, has also grasped and comprehended all its separate component parts.

In order to point out the way in which we can bring ourselves to consider the universe as one indivisible unit, we had, as I have above remarked, two questions to solve: first, that there is only one truth, or, at least, that all truths may be considered as a single one, and one which is only divisible from the imperfection of human knowledge. This first part of the proposition I think we have proved; in the second part we have to show that the phenomena of the universe which are referable to Space and Time may be equally well conceived as forming together a single point.

By means of the journey which we have imagined an observer to take from a star of the twelfth magnitude, down to the earth, in an immeasurably short space of time, we have shown that there is a point of observation from which the whole expanse of time, with the occurrences which took place in it, appear to be compressed into a single point. But as, in such a case, the events themselves do not in reality appear to us, but we see

their images on the light in the quickest succession, the problem still remains:—to compress these events into a single point, and to make it intelligible that they themselves, and not only their images, can happen most completely in a single moment of time; and, even more, that a space of time, which we call long or short, is actually and really caused by our human mode of comprehension.

Let us suppose, that from some given time, for example from to-day, the course of the stars and of our earth becomes twice as rapid as before, and that the year passes by in six months, each season in six weeks, and each day in twelve hours; that the period of the life of man is in like manner reduced to one half of its present duration, so that, speaking in general terms, the longest human life, instead of eighty years, lasts for forty, each of which contains as many of the new days of twelve hours as the former years did, when the days were twenty-four hours long; the drawing of our breath and the stroke of the pulse would proceed with double their usual rapidity, and our new period of life would appear to us of the normal length.

The hands of the clock would no longer make the circuit in one hour and in twelve, but the long hand in thirty minutes, the short one in six hours. The development of plants and animals would take place with double their usual speed; and the wind and the lightning would consume, in their rapid course, but one half of their present time.

With these suppositions, I ask, in what way should we be affected by the change? The answer to this question is, We should be cognizant of no change. We should even consider that he who supposed or who attempted to point out that such a change had taken place was mad, or we should look upon him as an enthusiast. We should have no possible ground to consider that any other condition had existed.

Now, as we can determine the lapse of any period of time only by comparison, or by measuring it with some other period, and as every division of time which we use in our comparison or in our measurements has been lessened by one half its duration, the original proportion would still remain unchanged.

Our forty years would pass as the eighty did; we should perform every thing twice as quickly as before: but as our life, our breath, and movements are proportionately hastened, it would be impossible to measure the increased speed, or even to remark it. As far as we could tell, every thing had remained precisely as it was before, not com-

paratively, but absolutely, provided we had no standard, external to the accelerated course of events in the world, by which we could perceive the changes or measure them.

A similar result would follow, if we imagined the course of time reduced to the fourth, instead of to the half, so that the year would consist of three months, the greatest age of man would be reduced to twenty of the present years, and our entire life, with that of all the creatures about us, would be passed in a proportionately shortened period. In this case, we should not only not perceive the change, but we should in reality suffer no change, since we should live to see every thing which we should otherwise have seen; and all the experience and the events of our life, in their duration and with their consequences, would remain unchanged in the relations which they bear to one another.

For the same reasons, if the period and processes of life, and the course of events in the world around us, were accelerated a thousand or a million times, or, in short, if they were infinitely shortened, we should obtain a similar result: and we can in this way imagine the entire course of the history of the world compressed into a single immeasurably short space of time, without our being able to perceive the change; in fact, without our having undergone any change. For, whether any space of time is longer or shorter is a question which can only be answered, and which can, indeed, only be looked upon as reasonable, if we are able to compare the time to be measured with some other limited period, but not if we compare it to the endless duration which is looked upon as without beginning and without end, which we call "Time."

Hence the proposition, that for the occurrence of any given event a certain lapse of time is requisite, may be altogether rejected. This time which elapses during the occurrence is rather accidental than necessary, and it might as easily be any other period. We shall bring another example to our aid to illustrate the point more clearly: A tune may be performed in different times, either quicker or slower, without altering thereby in any way its nature. The intervals, the succession of the tones, and the proportionate length of one note to another, remain unchanged; but the impression which it makes upon the hearer will be different, if his entire life has not undergone a corresponding and proportionate change. Now, suppose a musical clock is so contrived as to play any piece in a space of time which may be determined at pleas-

ure: this time may be lengthened or shortened, and it may be so much shortened that it can become almost infinitely small. It is therefore possible, according to the notion of possibility which was laid down in the First Part, to cause the longest piece of music to be played in an immeasurably short space of time, and even although our ears would be as little able to distinguish and appreciate the succession of the separate parts, as our eyes are to unravel the overcrowded and rushing stream of the images in a history of four thousand years in a single moment, yet, in one case as in the other, we only require that the human senses should become finer and more perfect, in order to render such comprehension possible.

Thus, as the tune remains unchanged in its nature, even when performed in the shortest space of time,—and it can and must be imagined to exist *in itself*, without reference to any time in which it sounds,—and as such a space was only necessary for the mode of organization of our senses, which is of such a kind that the ear cannot perceive the different tones in any other way than *successively*, so the succession of events can and must be considered independently of the time in which they happen; and, on the other hand, *Time* can as little be imagined to exist alone and in itself as we can imagine “*Allegro*” and “*Adagio*” to exist without any tune or melody.

But if it is objected, that, even when the lapse of time has been infinitely shortened, there still remains some period, and that the expansion of time has not been completely set aside, it may be answered *scientifically*, that, in its strictest sense, the idea of any thing infinitely small is the same as the idea of nothing; for, as long as more than nothing remains, we must continue to divide it, and the search after an infinitely small space is only satisfied when we have arrived at that which is really indivisible, viz., a point which has no parts.

But by continuing the comparison to a tune which we have commenced, we can refute the objection in a popular way.

It does not require even the shortest space of time to comprehend the idea of the tune, or even to present it to our senses, and communicate it to those of others. This simply follows from the consideration of the page of music upon which it is written. Here the tune exists entire and altogether, and not in successive parts; and the time which a musician requires to read it is not caused by the nature of the melody, but is a consequence of the impossibility of taking in and understanding the whole

contents of the page in an indivisibly short space of time. Thus, a looking-glass represents the objects which are placed opposite to it, not one after the other, but altogether and at once, without requiring for the purpose the lapse of any time whatever. From all these considerations, it becomes sufficiently clear that Time is merely a mode and condition by which the human mind, with the assistance of human senses, perceives the occurrence of events; whilst the events themselves, in all their fulness and perfection, may occur in a longer or a shorter time, and thus must be looked upon as independent of time. A thought or an idea is something momentary. He who has such an idea has it entire and at once. But he who wishes to communicate it to others requires for the purpose a certain time, just as such a space is also necessary for those to whom it is communicated. Hence, time is not necessary for the origination or existence of the idea, but only for its communication and comprehension; and the idea exists as independently of time as, according to the points we have discussed before, the entire history of the world can and must be looked upon as independent of time. *Time is only the rhythm of the world's history.*

Having arrived at this conclusion, it will be useful to recapitulate, as clearly as we can, the course of our reflections.

Of the three ways in which we thought we could solve the contradiction between a Manifold World and a Single Creator, we entered upon that one which denied the existence of the multiplicity in the world, and by which it can be supposed that the world is really single and indivisible, and that it is by the human mind and its limited mode of comprehension subdivided into a multiplicity of phenomena.

In order to show how such Unity can be imagined, we have first reduced the empire of thought to the single idea of the universe, and then the empire of phenomena appreciable to our senses remained, which is manifold in its nature, because its parts and its events become perceptible to us by being separated and referred to Time and Space. But we have so far set aside the notion of Time, in that we have pointed out that it does not exist *in* and *for itself*, but that it is only a mode by which we observe events, and by which their occurrence comes to our knowledge. We must, in like manner, examine the idea of Space.

As it appeared in our examination into the essence of Time, that the question whether anything lasted a longer or a shorter time had any meaning only when the period was

compared with some other limited, given period of time, but that, in comparison to Endless Time, the question whether a certain space was long or short was nonsense, since every finite thing compared with something infinitely greater appears like nothing; so, in like manner, it will appear with regard to the expansion of Space. The entire created universe, considered with respect to its limits, is a mere point in that which we call endless space, even if we imagine these limits to extend beyond the most distant fixed stars and nebulae. This proposition, which we have so often laid down and argued from, does not become entirely intelligible to the generality of mankind, until we illustrate it in a way as appreciable to our senses as we did with respect to time. The plan of our illustration is also exactly similar to the former one.

Let us suppose, for example, that from the present moment, all the measurements of the universe are reduced to the half of their size, and that all distances are equally shortened; it would be absolutely impossible for us to perceive, or indeed to believe if it were told to us, that any change had happened to us, or to the world around; and we might, like Gulliver's Lilliputians, fairly consider ourselves perfectly grown men. But if everything was lessened a million or a billion times, it would be as little noticed by us as when the reduction of all measurements to the half of their size took place; and if our system of fixed stars, with all that it contains, was suddenly contracted to the size of a grain of sand, we should move and exist with the same freedom from restraint, and with the same convenience, in that little world, as we now do in this which seems so large to us. No change would have taken place in the universe, as long as we did not imagine another universe beyond it; and the question whether any such change had taken place would have as little meaning in reference to space as a similar question had in respect to the duration of time, which we supposed to have been suddenly shortened.

In this way it is shown, that, to our recollection and knowledge, a proportionate change in the whole space of the universe would be completely and altogether unobserved and imperceptible.

But even though in these considerations we have imagined the universe to have been compressed into so small and narrow a compass, yet we have not altogether done away with space, because we can still imagine something more minute than the infinitely small space, viz., an indivisible point. In our reflections concerning an infinitely short period of time, we have already shown that,

strictly and scientifically considered, they are one and the same thing. We can, however, show, in an intelligible way, that it is conceivable, and not at all contrary to reason to assume, that the expanse of Space and the distance and propinquity of various objects do not really exist, but that Space or propinquity is only apparent, and originates from the fact, that, with our circumscribed understanding and the limited powers of our senses, we can contemplate the one indivisible point, the Universe, in no other way than by dividing and stretching it out into *length, breadth, and height*. These are the only three properties which we need attribute to Space; but they are, of course, indispensably necessary, and without them physical existence cannot be imagined; and length cannot exist without breadth, nor breadth without height; for in those cases the body would have only length and height, or only breadth and length. That which has only two of these dimensions is not a body, but only the boundary of a body, viz., a superficies. In like manner, that which has only one dimension, viz., length, is no longer a surface, but the edge of a surface, viz., a line. Thus, in order that any physical space can exist, it is of course absolutely necessary that all three dimensions should exist, as, in other words, all three are necessary properties of Space.

But a necessary property of anything is that without which it is no longer the same, but something else. For example, the necessary properties of a square are, that all four sides should be equal, and all angles right angles. If one side is no longer like another, or if one angle is no longer a right angle, the figure ceases to be a square, and becomes some other kind of quadrilateral figure, and we should not listen to any one who would persuade us that it was still a square. Let us apply this to the idea of Space, or, what is the same thing, to the idea of a body. It is necessary to the existence of any limited body, that it should have length, breadth, and height, that it should be bounded by surfaces, and that the edges of these surfaces should be formed by lines, and that the ends of the lines should be points. All these properties must exist together, otherwise the body itself does not exist.

Now, if we can imagine evidence which will bring us to the conclusion that in any case a body has not three dimensions, and a surface has not two, and if such evidence is incontrovertible and not to be refuted, it would necessarily follow, that this body and this surface are not a body and a surface, but that some delusion of our senses, or

some false conclusions, had induced us to consider them so. The same may be said of a point. A point is that which has no parts. Now, if a point was found in which, nevertheless, there were different parts, it would not be a point; or the difference of the parts would not be a real difference, but only one which would become apparent from our limited powers of thought and perception. These conclusions are clear and incontrovertible; and, supposing that the reader has completely agreed with us up to this point, we proceed a step further.

There is an optical apparatus known to all of us under the name of a Magic Lantern. It is constructed in the following manner: A picture, painted upon glass with transparent colors, is thrown upon a lens which has the property of refracting all the rays incident upon its surface, and of concentrating them to a single point, called the focus. Through this point the refracted rays continue their course onwards, and diverge from one another as much as they previously converged: they form, therefore, beyond the focus a cone of rays with the apex at the focus, and which, at any distance from the apex, forms an inverted image of the picture which was originally thrown upon the lens, as can be proved by directing the cone of rays upon the wall, when the reversed picture is seen, larger in proportion to the distance of the focus from the wall. If the necessary lenses were ground with perfect optical and mathematical accuracy, and if the position of the glasses was also strictly perfect and the wall completely smooth, upon approaching the magic lantern so near that the focus falls upon the wall, the light would be seen as a single distinct bright point. In this point, the entire surface of the picture is concentrated, and from it the picture spreads out again upon the wall if the apparatus is moved to a greater distance. Now this *Point* contains the many-colored surface of the picture completely, with all the parts which actually compose it, and with the form and color of every single figure; and the whole picture is really and truly in this single point, for here it has been concentrated by the refraction of the rays. We have thus made it readily apparent to our senses, that the indivisible point contains within it different parts contiguous to one another according to our usual mode of comprehension; and thus we have come to a direct contradiction of an idea which has generally been considered quite clear and incontrovertible. The solution of the contradiction is found in the proposition of which it is the object of this

little work to prove the possibility; viz., that the Universe, or Space, as far as it is within the scope of our senses, does not exist in the expanded and varied forms which we see around us, but that the expansion and the differences only depend upon our human mode of perception, and are caused by it; for, if here, by means of the magic lantern, a surface has become a point, and if the point contains all the various and distinct parts of the surface, we have shown that the differences which appear by the separation or juxtaposition of the component parts do not require Space as absolutely necessary to their existence, but that one single and indivisible point can contain them all. But, if a surface is no longer necessary that we may understand the juxtaposition of bodies, its very existence is disturbed, and a point is advanced to the dignity of a surface, for it contains and embraces the whole contents of a surface; but, when we wish to perceive the contents with human eyes, we must return and expand the point into the surface which it had before included.

Now, since we have in this way shown that a surface can only be considered a means of rendering the juxtaposition and relation of images cognizable to our senses, in other words, that it is a mere *mode of observation*, for that which, as far as its essence is concerned, *may* be contained in a single point, and since one of the three dimensions of Space has in this way been brought down from something real to a mere mode of contemplation, we have deprived Space of one of its necessary properties, and it is no longer real and true Space, but has become a mere condition by which objects are rendered perceptible to us.

We have thus completed the course of the argument which we proposed; for we have shown that a point of view is *conceivable*, from which the universe no longer requires the expansion of Time and Space in order to exist, and to be intelligible to us; and since our human method of contemplation, inasmuch as it considers this expansion, with all its phenomena, as real and necessary, leads only into inextricable contradictions, so we are compelled to seek for the higher point, and to look upon it as conceivable and possible, even if we are never able actually to realize it or to look down upon the World from it in consequence of the limited nature of our powers; for *with* such a point of view, and *by* it alone, can we imagine and completely understand the universe to be the work of a Single Creator.

VI.

THE day after the departure of the Republicans the whole village was well aware that a Frenchwoman was at my Uncle Jacob's, that she had been wounded by a pistol-ball, and that she would hardly recover from it. But as it was necessary to repair the roofs of the houses, the doors, and the windows, every one had enough to do to attend to his own affairs without disturbing himself about those of others, and it was only on the third day, when almost everything had been put in good order again, that people began afresh to think about this woman.

Then too Joseph Spick spread the report that the Frenchwoman had become furious, and that she was crying out, "Vive la Republique!" in a terrible way.

The scoundrel stood upon the threshold of his tavern with his arms crossed, his shoulder against the wall, pretending to smoke his pipe, and saying to the passers-by,—

"Hey! Nickel, Yokel, listen! listen how she screams! Is it not abominable? Is this to be allowed here?"

Uncle Jacob, the best man in the world, became so indignant with Spick that I heard him repeat several times that he deserved to be hung.

Unfortunately it could not be denied that the woman talked of France, of the Republic, and of other things opposed to good order; these ideas constantly occurred to her mind. What caused us still more embarrassment was that all the gossips of the village came, one after another, to our house; one with her broom under her arm, her petticoat tucked back; another with her knitting-needles in her hair, her cap all awry; another, bringing her small wheel, with a sentimental air, as if to spin at the corner of the hearth. This one came to borrow a gridiron, that one to purchase a pot of rennet, or to ask for a little yeast to make bread. What vexation! our alley was covered with two inches of mud from the wooden shoes.

And while Lisbeth was washing her dishes or watching her saucepans, we were obliged to hear their chattering, to see them come in, make their curtesies, and give pretty twists of their backs.

"Eh! good-day, Mademoiselle Lisbeth. What a long time it is since I saw you!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle Ursula! Oh, Heavens! how glad I am to see you. Sit down then, Mademoiselle Ursula."

"Oh, you are too good, too good, Mad-

emoiselle Lisbeth. The morning is very fine."

"Yes, Mademoiselle Ursula, very fine; it is delightful weather for rheumatism."

"Delightful; and for colds too."

"Ah, yes! and for all sorts of illness."

How is the rheumatism of monsieur the vicar, Mademoiselle Ursula?"

"Eh! Good Lord! sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Yesterday it was in his shoulder, to-day it is in his back. So it travels. Always suffering, always suffering!"

"Ah, I am so sorry for it, so sorry!"

"But *à propos*, Mademoiselle Lisbeth, you will say that I am very curious, but they talk about it all over the village; is your French lady still ill?"

"Ah! Mademoiselle Ursula, don't speak of it; we have had such a night,—such a night!"

"Is it possible? Why, is that poor lady no better? What is it you tell me?"

And they clasped their hands, and bent themselves over with an air of commiseration, and rolled up their eyes as they shook their heads.

The first two days, my uncle, thinking that all this would end when the curiosity of these people was satisfied, said nothing. But finding that it was prolonged, one fine morning, when the woman was very feverish, he abruptly entered the kitchen and said to these old women, in a tone of ill-temper,—

"What do you come here for? Why do you not stay at home? Have you nothing to do in your own houses? You ought to be ashamed to spend your time prattling like so many magpies, and giving yourselves airs like great ladies, when you are only servants. It is ridiculous, and I am quite tired of it."

"But," said one of them, "I came to buy a pot of milk."

"Does it take two hours to buy a pot of milk?" replied my uncle, now really vexed.

"Lisbeth, give her her pot of milk and let her go away with the rest of them. I am tired of all this. I will not permit them to come and spy and catch up false stories in my house, to spread through the country. Go away, and do not come back again."

And so the gossips went off quite abashed.

This same day, too, my uncle had a great discussion. Monsieur Richter having allowed himself to say that it was wrong to interest oneself in strangers who came into the country to pillage, and particularly in the woman, who could not be worth much, as she had followed the soldiers, he listened to him coldly, and then answered him,—

"Monsieur Richter, when I am discharging a duty of humanity I do not ask people, 'To what country do you belong? Are you rich or poor? Can you return to me what I gave you?' I follow the dictates of my heart, and the rest is of little consequence to me. Whether this woman is French or German, whether she has Republican sentiments or not, whether she has followed the soldiers from choice or was reduced to it by want, — that does not disquiet me. I saw that she would die; my duty was to save her life, and now my duty is to go on, by the grace of God, with what I did right to undertake. As for you, Monsieur Richter, I know that you are selfish; you do not love your fellow-creatures; instead of doing them service you seek to gain personal advantages from them. This is the foundation of your opinion upon all subjects. And as such opinions offend me, I beg you never again to put your feet inside my house."

He opened the door, and Monsieur Richter wishing to reply, my uncle, without hearing him, took him politely by the arm and put him out.

The mole-catcher, Koffel, and I were present, and we were astonished at Uncle Jacob's firmness in this matter, for we had never seen him more calm or more resolute. He kept only the mole-catcher and Koffel for friends. Each in his turn watched the woman, which did not prevent them from going about their usual business during the day. From that time tranquillity was re-established in our house.

Now, one morning upon awaking, I saw that winter had come; its white light filled my little room. Large flakes of snow now fell from the clouds by myriads, and whirled against my windows. Without reigned silence; not a soul was in the street, every one had shut his door. The hens were hushed, the dogs looked out from the back of their kennels, and in the neighbouring bushes the poor green linnets shivered under their ruffled feathers, uttering that plaintive cry of distress, which ends only in the spring.

With my elbow on the pillow, my eyes dazzled, looking at the snow heaped up on the edges of the little windows, I pictured it all to myself, and I saw again the past winters; — the light from our great stove advancing and then receding upon the floor in the evening; the mole-catcher, Koffel, and Uncle Jacob bending over around it, smoking their pipes and talking of indifferent things. I heard Lisbeth's wheel humming in the stillness, like the downy wings of a night-moth, and her foot marking the time of the lament which the green log sung

in the midst of the fire. Then outside I represented to myself the slides upon the river, the sleighing-parties, the battles with snow-balls, the bursts of laughter, the falling of broken glass, the old grandmother crying out at the end of the alley, while the troop scatters with wings to their heels.

All this in a second came to my mind, and half sad, half pleased, I said to myself, — "It is winter!"

Then, thinking it would be pleasant to be seated in front of the hearth watching the meat soup while Lisbeth got it ready, I jumped from my bed and dressed myself very quickly, quite chilled. After which, without stopping to put on the second sleeve of my jacket, I went rolling down-stairs like a ball.

Lisbeth was sweeping the alley. The door of the kitchen was open; so, in spite of the beautiful fire which danced around the pot-hooks, I hurried to go into the other room.

Uncle Jacob had just returned from a visit; his large outer coat lined with fox fur, and his otter-skin cap, were hanging on the wall and his large boots standing near the stove; he was taking a glass of kirschenwasser with the mole-catcher, who had watched that night. They both seemed to be in good spirits.

"So, mole-catcher," said my uncle, "the night passed well."

"Very well, monsieur doctor; we all slept; the woman in her bed, I in the easy-chair, and the dog under the curtain. Nobody stirred. This morning, on opening the window, I saw the country as white as Hans Wurst when he came out of his bag of meal; all had happened noiselessly. And as I opened the window you were just coming up the street. I wanted to call out to you, 'Good-morning!' but the woman was still asleep, and I did not wish to wake her."

"Good, good! you did just right. To your health, mole-catcher."

"To yours, monsieur doctor!"

They emptied their little glasses at one draught, and put them again on the table, smiling.

"All goes well," said my uncle. "The wound is closing, the fever is less; but strength is yet wanting; the poor creature lost too much blood. By and by that will return."

I was sitting near the stove. The dog jumped out from the alcove and came to caress my uncle, who, looking at him, began to say, —

"What a good beast! Now, mole-catcher, can it be said that he does not un-

derstand us? Doesn't he seem more playful this morning? I shall never give up the belief that these animals understand many things; if they have less judgment than we have, they often have more feeling."

"That is clear," said the mole-catcher. "All the time of the fever I watched the dog, and I thought, — He is sad, things go badly! He is gay, things go well. Upon my word, monsieur doctor, like you I have great confidence in the intelligence of animals."

"Come, mole-catcher," said my uncle, "one more little glass; it is cold weather outside and the old kirschenwasser will warm you up like a sunbeam." He opened the cupboard, brought out the round loaf and two knives, and said, "Let us break a crust."

The mole-catcher bowed; and my uncle, seeing me, said, smiling, —

"Well, Fritz, the snow-balls and the sliding are coming again. Are you not glad?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Yes, yes; amuse yourself. One is never happier than at your age, my boy; but mind not to make your snow-balls too hard. Those who press their balls too hard do not want to amuse themselves; they want to do mischief. They are mischievous fellows."

"Eh!" said the mole-catcher, laughing, "I always squeezed my snow-balls."

"And you were much in the wrong, mole-catcher," replied my uncle, "and it proves that at the bottom you have some malice in your nature. Happily you have overcome it by reason. I am sure you repent of having squeezed your snow-balls too hard."

"Oh, yes," said the mole-catcher, not well knowing what to answer, "though the others pressed theirs, too."

"We ought never to trouble ourselves about others; we must do what a good heart commands," said my uncle. "All men are naturally good and just, but bad example leads them astray."

As we were thus talking, some words were heard from the alcove, and we became silent, listening.

"That, mole-catcher," whispered my uncle, "is no longer the voice of delirium. It is weak, but natural."

And, rising, he drew the curtains. The mole-catcher and I were behind him with our necks stretched. The woman, very pale and very thin, seemed to be asleep; we could scarcely hear her breathe. But in a moment she opened her eyes and looked at us, one after the other, as if she were aston-

ished; then at the back of the alcove, then at the windows, white with snow, the cupboard, the old clock; then at the dog, who was standing with his paws on the edge of the bed. This continued for about a minute; at last she closed her eyes, and my uncle said, speaking low, — "She has come to herself."

"Yes," said the mole-catcher, in the same tone, "she has seen us, she does not know us; and now she is thinking of what she has just seen."

We were about to retire, when the woman again opened her eyes, and, making an effort, tried to speak. But then my uncle, raising his voice, said to her, kindly, —

"Do not agitate yourself, madame. Be calm, have no anxiety. You are with people who will not suffer you to want anything. You have been ill; now you are better. But I beg of you, have confidence; you are with friends, with true friends."

While he spoke the woman looked at him with her large black eyes; we saw that she understood him. But notwithstanding his advice, after a moment's silence she again attempted to speak, and said, in a very low voice, —

"The drummer, the little drummer!"

Then my uncle, looking at the mole-catcher, asked him, — "Do you understand?"

And the mole-catcher, putting his hand to his head, said, "A remnant of the fever, doctor; a little remnant; that will pass off."

But the woman, with stronger emphasis, repeated, "Jean, the little drummer!"

I stood on tiptoe, very attentive; and the idea all at once came to me that she was speaking of the little drummer whom I had seen lying under our shed the day of the great battle. I recollected that she too had watched him from the opposite house, as she mended his little breeches, and I said, —

"Uncle, perhaps she means the little drummer who was with the Republicans."

The poor woman at once tried to turn herself.

"Yes, yes," said she. "Jean, my brother!"

"Lie still, madame," said my uncle; "make no movement; your wound might open again. Mole-catcher, bring a chair here."

And taking me by the arms he lifted me up in front of her, saying to me, —

"Tell madame what you know, Fritz. You remember the little drummer?"

"Oh, yes! the morning of the battle he was lying under our shed, the dog on his

feet; he was asleep. I recollect him well!" I replied to him, much troubled, for the woman was looking at me down to the depths of my soul, as she had looked at my uncle.

"And after that, Fritzelt?"

"After that he was with the other drummers in the middle of the battalion, when the Croats arrived. And at the very last, when they set fire to the street, and the Republicans went off, I saw him again behind."

"Wounded?" said the woman in a voice so feeble that we could scarcely hear it.

"Oh, no! he had his drum over his shoulder, and he was crying as he marched; and another one, larger than he, said to him, — 'Come, courage, little Jean, courage!' But he did not seem to hear him; his cheeks were all wet."

"You are quite sure that you saw him go away, Fritzelt?" asked my uncle.

"Yes, uncle, it troubled me, and I watched him quite out of the village."

Then the woman shut her eyes, and we heard her sob inwardly. Tears flowed down her cheeks one after another without any sound. It was very sad, and my uncle said to me in a low voice, —

"Get down, Fritzelt; she must be left to weep without constraint."

But as I was going to get down she reached out her hand, and held me, murmuring some words. Uncle Jacob understood her, and asked her, —

"Do you want to kiss the child?"

"Yes," she said.

He bent me toward her face; she kissed me, sobbing all the time. And I began to cry too.

"That is well," said my uncle; "that's well; now you must be calm, madame; you must try to sleep. Health will return to you. You will see your young brother again. Have courage!"

He then took me away and closed the curtains.

The mole-catcher walked backward and forward in the hall. His face was red, and he said, —

"There, monsieur doctor, that is a brave woman, — an honest woman, whether she be a Republican or anything else. He who could think the contrary would be no better than a scoundrel."

"Yes," replied my uncle, "she has a generous nature; I saw it at once from her face. It is fortunate that Fritzelt remembered the child. The poor woman was very anxious. I understand now why she always repeated that name, Jean, in her delirium. Everything will go on better now,

mole-catcher; everything will go on better; tears solace."

They went out together into the alley. I heard them still talking of these things on the threshold of the house.

And as I had seated myself behind the stove, and was drying my cheeks with the back of my cuff, all at once I saw the dog close to me, looking at me with gentleness. He put his paw on my knee and began to caress me; for the first time I took his great frizzled head between my arms without fear. It seemed to me we had been friends a long time, and that I had never been afraid of him.

After a minute, raising my eyes, I saw my uncle, who had just come in, watching me, smiling.

"You see, Fritzelt, how the poor animal loves you," said he; "now he will follow you, for he has recognised your good heart."

And it was true. From that day the poodle never refused to accompany me; on the contrary, he gravely followed me through the whole village, which made me still prouder than Zaphevi Schmonk with his uslan pistol; he seated himself near my chair to lick my plates, and did everything I wanted him to.

VII.

THE snow did not cease falling that day or the following night. Everybody thought that the mountain roads would be blocked up by it, and that we should see no more either of the Houlans or the Republicans; but a trifling event occurred which shewed to the people the sad consequences of war, and made them reflect upon the sorrows of this lower world.

It was the day after the woman had regained her consciousness, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. The door of the kitchen was open to let the warmth come into the large room.

I kept by Lisbeth's side, who was making butter near the hearth. Upon turning my head a little, I saw my uncle sitting near the white window; he was reading the almanac, and now and then smiled.

The dog, Scipio, was seated near me, quiet and grave, and as I every minute tasted the cream which came from the churn, he gaped with a melancholy air.

"But, Fritzelt," said Lisbeth, "what are you thinking about? If you eat up all the cream we shall have no butter."

In the large room the clock moved slowly; outside, the stillness was absolute. This lasted for half an hour. Lisbeth had

just put the fresh butter upon a plate, when voices were heard in the street; then the gate of the alley was opened, and feet loaded with snow beat upon the flag-stones of the vestibule.

My uncle hung his almanac upon the wall. He looked toward the door, when the burgomaster Meyer entered, his cap of curled wool with double tassels drawn over his ears, the collar of his cloak white with rime, and his hands thrust into his hare-skin mittens up to his elbows.

"Good-morning, monsieur doctor; your health," said the big man. "I come in a snowy time; but what could be done about it? I must come."

Then shaking off his mittens, which remained hanging from his neck by a string, he raised his cap and began again.

"A poor devil, monsieur doctor, is stretched out in Reebock's wood-house behind a pile of fagots. He is a soldier, or rather a corporal, or a captain, I do not know exactly which. No doubt he withdrew there during the fight that he might die quietly. Now a certificate of death must be drawn up; I cannot verify the cause of this man's death; that does not belong to my functions."

"Very well, burgomaster," said my uncle, rising. "I am ready. But a witness is necessary."

"Michel Furst is outside," said the burgomaster; "he is waiting for me at the door. What a snow! what a snow! up to the knees, monsieur doctor. It will do some good to the seeds, and to the armies of his Majesty, who have just taken up their winter quarters, God bless them! I should like better to have had them go into quarters on the side of Kaiserslautern than here. One never has a better friend than one's self."

While the burgomaster made his reflections, my uncle put on his boots and great overcoat and his cap of otter-skin, after which he said, — "I am ready."

They went out, and in spite of the prayers of Lisbeth, who wanted to keep me in, I was as eager as possible to escape and to follow in their tracks; the curiosity of the devil had seized me. I must see the soldier.

Uncle Jacob, the burgomaster, and Furst, were the only persons in the deserted streets; but as they went along, faces showed themselves at the windows of the houses, and doors were heard opening at a distance. People seeing the burgomaster, the physician, and the guard champêtre passing, thought something extraordinary must be happening; several even came out,

but discovering nothing they went back directly.

Upon reaching Reebock's house, — one of the oldest in the village, with barns, stables, and sheds behind it in the fields, and cattle-sheds with mouldy thatching on the right, — on arriving there the burgomaster, Furst, and my uncle went into the little dark alley with broken flagstones.

I followed them, but they did not see me.

Old Reebock, who had seen them pass before his little windows, opened the room, which was as full of steam as a stove, in which were the old grandmother, his two sons, and his two daughters-in-law.

Their dog, with long grey hair and a trailing tail, came out and smelt of Scipio, who had followed me, and who held himself up proudly while the other turned round him to make acquaintance.

"I will show you the way," said old Reebock; "it is down there, — behind, — back of the barn."

"No, stay here, Father Reebock," said my uncle; "it is cold; you are old; your son will show us."

But the son, after having found the soldier, had got out of the way.

The old man went in front. We followed in file. It was extremely dark in the alley. As we went on we saw the cattle-shed lighted by a glass window in the roof; five goats with swollen udders were there, who looked at us with their golden eyes, and two kids who began to bleat in tones shrill and plaintive; then the stable, the two oxen, and the cow, with their worm-eaten racks and their litter of dead leaves. The animals turned round silently.

We went on along the wall. Something rolled under my feet; it was a rabbit, which disappeared under the manger; Scipio never stirred.

Farther on we reached the barn, low, loaded with straw and hay up to the roof. Quite at the back part we saw a greyish dormer window looking toward the garden; a great pile of logs and some fagots ranged against the wall received its light; lower down all was dark. It was an odd thing, but in the window stood a cock and two or three hens, their heads under their wings, appearing black against the light. At first I did not see much, on account of the dimness. Every one had stopped. We heard a low chuckling of the hens.

"I ought perhaps to have lighted the lantern," said old Reebock; "we can't see very clearly."

As he spoke, I perceived to the right of the window, extended against the wall, be-

two fagots, a large red cloak, then, seeing better, a black head with long yellowish moustaches. The cock had just jumped from the window, and we had more light.

Then fear seized upon me; if I had not felt Scipio against my leg I should have run away.

"I see," said my uncle, "I see."

And he went nearer, saying,—

"It is a Croat. Look, Furst; he must be drawn forward a little."

But Furst did not move, nor the burgomaster.

My uncle then drew the man by one leg and dragged him into full light. His head was brick-colour, his eyes sunken, his nose small, his lips compressed, a reddish tuft on his chin.

"He was, no doubt, killed by the stroke of a bayonet, in the last encounter. He took himself out of the confusion. But I am surprised, Father Reebock, that he did not knock at your door, and that he should have come so far to die."

"We had all hidden in the cellar," said the old man; "the door of the room was locked. We heard running in the alley, but there was so much noise outside. I rather think this poor man tried to get off through the house; unfortunately, there is no back door. A Republican must have followed him, like a wild beast, quite to the back of the barn. We have seen no blood in the alley. Here, in the darkness, they must have fought, and the other one, after having given him this ill stroke, must have gone quietly away. That is what I think. Otherwise we should have found some blood somewhere; but no one has seen any, either in the cattle-shed or in the stable. It was only this morning, when we wanted some large wood for the stove, that Sepel, upon going into the wood-house, discovered the unfortunate man."

On listening to these explanations, each one represented to himself the Republican with his large old curly wig, and his great three-cornered hat, pursuing the Croat in the dim light, and it made us shudder.

"Yes," said my uncle, raising himself up and looking at the burgomaster with a sad expression, "yes, it was thus that the affair must have happened."

We all became thoughtful; the stillness near this dead body chilled us.

"Now, this death being verified," said my uncle, "we may go." Then, bethinking himself,—"Perhaps there is some means of finding out who this man is."

He knelt down again, put his hand into the pocket of his vest, and found some

papers. At the same time he drew up a little copper chain across the breast, and a large silver watch came out of the watch-pocket of the pantaloons.

"Stay, here is the watch," said he to the burgomaster. "I will keep the papers to draw up the certificate."

"Keep everything, monsieur doctor," replied the burgomaster; "I should not like to carry into my house a watch which has already marked the death of a creature of God. No, keep them all. Another time we will talk again about it. Now we may go."

"Yes, and you can also send Jeffer."

My uncle then, on noticing me, said,—
"You here, Fritzel? must you then look at everything?"

He gave me no other reproof, and we returned together to the house. The burgomaster and Furst had gone home.

As we went along my uncle looked over the papers of the Croat. On opening the door of our room we saw that the woman had just taken some soup; the curtains were still open, and the plate upon the table.

"Well, madame," said Uncle Jacob, smiling, "you are getting better."

She then, having turned herself round, looking at him with much sweetness in her large dark eyes, replied, "Yes, monsieur doctor; you have saved me. I feel that I am reviving."

Then, after a moment, she added, in a tone full of compassion—"You have just come from seeing one of the unfortunate victims of the war?"

My uncle perceived that she had heard everything when the burgomaster came for him half an hour before.

"That is true, madame, that is true," said he; "one more unhappy man who will never again see the roof of his house, one more mother who will never again embrace her son."

The woman seemed moved, and asked in a low voice—"Is he one of ours?"

"No, madame, he is a Croat. I have just read, as I walked along, a letter that his mother wrote to him three weeks ago. The poor woman begged him not to forget his prayers morning and evening, and to conduct himself well. She speaks too with tenderness, as to a child. He was, however, an old soldier; but, no doubt, she saw him all rosy and fair as the day when for the last time she had embraced him sobbing."

My uncle's voice was softened as he spoke these words; he looked at the woman, who, for her part, also seemed touched.

"Yes, you are right," she said; "it

must be dreadful to learn that one will see her child no more. I, at least, have the consolation of no longer being able to cause such great grief to those who love me."

Then she turned her head, and my uncle, becoming very grave, asked her, —

"You are not, however, alone in the world?"

"I have neither father or mother," said she, in a low voice; "my father was chief of the battalion which you have seen; I had three brothers: we left Fénéstrange in Lorraine all together in '92. Now three are dead, my father and the two eldest; there remains only myself and Jean, the little drummer."

As she said this, she seemed ready to burst into tears. My uncle, his head bent down, his hands crossed behind his back, walked to and fro in the room. Silence returned.

All at once, the Frenchwoman began, "I have something to ask of you, monsieur doctor."

"What, madame?"

"That you would write to the mother of the unfortunate Croat. It is terrible, doubtless, certainly, to learn the death of one's son; but always to be expecting him, to be hoping for years that he will return, and to find that he never comes, even at the last hour, must be still more cruel."

She was silent, and my uncle, very serious, replied, — "Yes, yes. That is a good thought. Fritz, bring the ink and the paper. What misery, my God! to think of announcing such things, and that yet they are good actions! Ah, war! war!"

He sat down and began to write.

Lisbeth then came in to put on the cloth; she placed the plates and the round loaf upon the buffet. Twelve o'clock struck; the woman seemed to be drowsy. At last my uncle finished his letter; he folded it, sealed it, wrote the address, and said to me, —

"Go, Fritz, throw that letter into the box, and be quick. You may also ask Mother Eberhardt for the Journal. It is Saturday; we shall have some news of the war."

I went out running, and I put the letter into the village box. But the Journal had not arrived; Clemenz had been detained by the snow, which did not surprise my uncle, such things happening almost every winter.

VIII.

As I returned from the post, I had seen at a distance, in the large town-meadow

behind the church, Hans Aden, Franz Sepel, and many others of my comrades, sliding on the horse-pond.

They could be seen taking their start in a row, and darting off like arrows, their backs bent, their arms out in the air to keep their balance, and I could hear the prolonged sound of their wooden shoes upon the ice, and their joyous shouts.

How my heart jumped at the sight! how I wished that I could join them! unfortunately, Uncle Jacob was waiting for me then, and I went home with my head full of the joyful sight. All dinner-time the idea of running down there did not leave me one second; but I took good care not to speak of it to my uncle, for he always prohibited me from sliding on the pond, on account of accidents. At last he went out to make a visit to monsieur the vicar, who was suffering from his rheumatism.

I waited till he had got into the high street; then I whistled for Scipio, and began to run like a hare as far as Holly lane.

The poodle bounded behind me, and it was only in the little lane, which was full of snow, that we regained our breath. I thought to find all my comrades upon the horse-pond, but they had gone to dinner; I saw, on turning by the church, only the long slide deserted. I was then obliged to slide alone, and as it was cold, at the end of half an hour I had had quite enough of it.

I again took the road to the village, when Hans Aden, Franz Sepel, and two or three others, with red cheeks, their cotton caps drawn over their ears, and their hands in their pockets, came out between the frost-covered hedges.

"Stop! it is you, Fritz, is it?" said Hans Aden to me. "Are you going away?"

"Yes, I have just been sliding, and Uncle Jacob does not wish me to slide; I prefer to go away."

"I broke my wooden shoe upon the ice this morning," said Franz Sepel, "and my father has mended it. See!"

He took off his shoe and showed it to us. Franz Sepel's father had put a band of sheet iron across it with four large nails with pointed heads. That made us laugh, and Franz Sepel exclaimed, — "There, that is not fit for sliding. Listen, let us go coasting instead; we will go up on the Altemberg, and we will come down like the wind."

The idea of going in a sledge seemed so magnificent to me that I already saw myself up there, descending the side, stamping with my heels, and shouting, with a

voice which reached even to the clouds, "*Himmelsfarth! Himmelsfarth!*"

I was enchanted by it.

"Yes," said Hans Aden, "but how shall we get a sled?"

"Leave that to me," replied Franz Sepel, the sharpest of us all. "My father had one last year; but it was all worm-eaten and my grandmother made a fire of it. Never mind! come along!"

We followed him, full of doubt and of hope. As we went down the high street, we stopped in front of every shed, snuffling about; and we saw with longing eyes, the *schlittes** hanging on the beams.

"There," said one, "there is a fine *schlitte*! we could all get upon it easily.

"Yes," replied another, "but it would be too heavy to drag up the hill; it is of green wood."

"Eh!" said Hans Aden; "we would, however, take it if Father Gitzig would lend it to us; but he is a miser. He keeps his *schlitte* for himself alone, as if sleds could be worn out!"

"Come on, then!" cried Franz Sepel, who went on in front. And we all started off afresh.

From time to time they looked at Scipio, who was walking by me.

"You have a fine dog," said Hans Aden; "it is a French dog; they have wool like sheep, and let themselves be sheared without saying a word."

Franz Sepel asserted that he had seen at the fair of Kaiserslautern, the preceding year, a French dog with spectacles, who counted up to a hundred upon a drum. He divined too all sorts of things, and his grandmother Anne thought he must be a sorcerer.

During this talk Scipio stopped and looked at us. I was proud of him.

Little Karl, the son of the weaver, said if he were a sorcerer he could get a sled for us, but then it would be necessary to give him our souls in exchange, and none of us wished to give him his soul.

We thus went on from house to house, and two o'clock sounded from the church, when Monsieur Richter passed upon his sled, crying out to his great lean goat, —

"Go on, Charlotte, go on!"

The poor beast stretched its legs, and Monsieur Richter, different from usual, appeared in excellent spirits. As he passed the house of Sepel, the butcher, he called out, —

"Good news, Sepel! good news!"

He snapped his whip, and Hans Aden said, — "Monsieur Richter is a little tipsy."

* Sleds.

He must have found some wine somewhere which cost him nothing."

Then all the troop laughed heartily, for everybody in the village knew that Richter was a miser.

We had reached the end of the high street, in front of the house of Father Adam Schmidt, an old soldier of Frederic II., who received a small pension to buy his bread, his tobacco, and now and then some *schnapps*.*

Adam Schmidt had served in the Seven Years' war, and through all the campaigns of Silesia and Pomerania. Now he was very old, and since the death of his sister Roesel he had lived alone in the last house in the village, — a little thatched house having only one room below, one above, and the roof with its two dormer windows. It had also its shed at the side, and behind, a sty for pigs, and, toward the village, a little garden surrounded by a hedge that Father Schmidt carefully cultivated.

Uncle Jacob loved this old soldier; sometimes, as he saw him pass, he would knock at the window and call him, — "Adam, come in now!"

He came in at once, knowing that my uncle had some true cognac from France, and that he called him in to offer him a little glass of it.

We made a halt before his house, and Franz Sepel, going up close to the hedge, said to us, —

"See that sled. I bet Father Schmidt will lend it to us, if Fritzell will go in boldly, put his hand at the side of the old man's ear, and say, — 'Father Adam, will you lend us your sled?' Yes, I bet that he will lend it to us. I am sure of it; only courage is wanted."

I became quite red; with one eye I looked at the sled, and with the other at the little window close to the ground. All my comrades, at the corner of the house, pushed me by the shoulder, saying, —

"Go in, he will lend it to you."

"I do not dare to," said I, speaking very low.

"You have no courage," replied Hans Aden. "In your place I would go in a minute."

"Let me only look a little and see if he is in a good humour."

Then I leaned forward toward the little window, and looking out at the corner of my eye, I saw Father Schmidt sitting on a stool before the hearth, on which some embers shone in the midst of a heap of ashes. His back was turned toward us; we saw only his long spine, his round shoulders,

* Brandy.

his little jacket of blue cloth, which was so short that it did not reach to his breeches of grey stuff, his white hair falling upon his neck, his blue cotton cap, the hinder side before, his large red ears standing out from his head, and his big wooden shoes on the hearth. He was smoking his clay pipe, which projected from the side of his hollow cheek.

That was all I saw, with the cracked flag-stones of the hovel, and at the back of the room, on the left, a sort of crib, bristling with straw. This did not inspire me with much confidence, and I wanted to escape, when all the others pushed me into the alley, saying in a low tone,—

"Fritzel, Fritz, he will lend it to you, certainly."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"I do not want to."

But Hans Aden had opened the door, and I was already in the room with Scipio, the others, behind me, stooping, their eyes stretched wide open, looking and listening.

Oh! how I wished I could escape! Unluckily, Franz Sepel, on the outside, held the door half shut, and there was only room for his head and that of Hans Aden, who stood on tiptoe behind him.

Old Schmidt had turned round.

"Hallo! here is Fritz!" said he, getting up. "What is the matter?"

He opened the door, and the whole troop flew off like a flight of starlings. I remained above. The old soldier looked at me quite surprised.

"What is it then you want, Fritz?" said he, as he took a coal from the hearth to relight his extinguished pipe.

Then seeing Scipio, he looked at him gravely, puffing out great whiffs of smoke.

I had regained a little assurance.

"Father Schmidt," said I, "the others want me to ask you for your sled to coast down the Altenberg."

The old soldier, facing the poodle, winked and smiled. Instead of replying, he scratched his ear, lifting his cap, and asked,— "Is that yours, that dog, Fritz?"

"Yes, Father Adam; it is the dog belonging to the Frenchwoman that we have at our house."

"Ah, good! he must be a soldier's dog; he ought to understand the drill."

Scipio looked at us, his nose in the air, and Father Schmidt, taking the pipe from his lips, said,—

"That is a dog of a regiment; he is like old Michel, that we had in Siberia."

Then raising his pipe he cried, "Shoulder arms!" with so strong a voice that the whole hut resounded with it.

But what was my surprise to see Scipio seat himself on his hind legs, his forepaws hanging, and hold himself like a real soldier!

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried old Schmidt; "I was sure of it."

My comrades had all returned; some looked through the half open door, others through the window. Scipio did not move, and Father Schmidt, as gay as he had been grave before, said to him,—

"Attention to the order of march!"

Then imitating the sound of the drum, and walking backward upon his great wooden shoes, he began,—

"March! Dub, dub, rub-a-dub-dub. One, two; one, two!"

And Scipio marched with an astonishingly solemn look, his long ears upon his shoulders, and his tail like a trumpet.

It was wonderful! my heart leaped.

All the others, outside, appeared confounded with admiration.

"Halt!" cried Schmidt, and Scipio stopped.

I thought no longer of the sled; I was so proud of Scipio's talents that I should have liked to run home and cry out to my uncle, "We have a dog who goes through the drill!"

But Hans Aden, Franz Sepel, and all the rest, encouraged by the good-humour of the old soldier, had come in and were in ecstasies, their backs to the door, and their caps under their arms.

"To your place! rest!" said Father Schmidt, and Scipio went down on his forepaws, shaking his head and scratching his neck with a hind paw, as if to say, "For two minutes a flea has been making me itch, but I did not dare to scratch myself while under arms."

I had become dumb with joy at seeing these things, and I did not dare to call Scipio for fear of shaming him, but he came up to me himself, modestly, which filled me with satisfaction. I considered myself, in some measure, like a field-marshal at the head of his armies; all the others were envious of me.

Father Schmidt looked at Scipio with a softened expression; we saw that he had recalled to him the good times with his regiment.

"Yes," said he, after some moments, "he is a true soldier's dog. But it remains for us to know if he understands politics, for many dogs do not know about politics."

At the same time he took a stick from behind the door and placed it crosswise, saying, —

"Attention to orders!"

Scipio held himself in readiness.

"Jump for the Republic!" cried the old soldier.

Scipio jumped over the stick like a deer.

"Jump for General Hoche!"

Scipio jumped.

"Jump for the King of Prussia!"

But then Scipio seated himself upon his tail with a very firm look, and the old man began to smile a little; his eyes wrinkled up as he said, —

"Yes, he knows about politics, ha! ha! ha! come, that will do."

He passed his hand over his head, and Scipio seemed much pleased.

"Fritzel," said Father Schmidt then to me, "you have a dog worth his weight in gold; he is a true soldier's dog."

And looking at us all, he added, —

"Since you have got such a good dog I will lend you my *schlitte*; but bring it back to me at five o'clock, and take care not to break your necks."

He went out with us, and unhooked his sled from the shed.

My mind was then divided between my desire of going to announce to my uncle Scipio's extraordinary talents, and of descending the Altenberg upon our sled. But when I saw Hans Aden, Franz Sepel, all my comrades, some before, others behind, pushing and dragging as they galloped, like so many souls in bliss, I could not resist the pleasure of joining the band.

Schmidt looked at us from his door.

"Take care not to tip over," said he to us again.

Then he went in, while we trudged on in the snow. Scipio frisked by our side. I leave you to think of our joy, our cries, and our bursts of laughter even up to the top of the hill.

And when we had reached the height, Hans Aden in front, claspings with both hands the bent-back runners, we others behind, seated three and three, Scipio in the middle; and when all at once the *schlitte* started, undulating along the track and sliding down the slopes, what enthusiasm!

Ah! one is young only once.

Scarcely had the sled started when Scipio with one bound sprang over our heads. He liked better to run, to jump, to bark, to roll himself in the snow like a true child, than to go in a *schlitte*. But all this did not prevent us from having great respect for his talents; every time that we went up the hill again, and as he walked near us full

of dignity, one or another would turn and as we pushed on would say, "You are very lucky, Fritzel, to have such a dog; Adam Schmidt said he was worth his weight in gold."

"Yes, but he is not theirs," cried another; "he belongs to the woman."

That idea that the dog belonged to the woman made me very uneasy, and I thought, "Suppose they should both remain in the house!"

We continued to ascend and descend till toward four o'clock. Then it began to grow dark, and we remembered our promise to Father Schmidt. We then took our way back to the village. Upon approaching the dwelling of the old soldier we saw him standing at his door. He had heard us laughing and talking at a distance.

"Here you are," cried he; "has nobody hurt himself?"

"No, Father Schmidt."

"That is well."

He put his *schlitte* back in the shed, and I, without saying good-bye or good-night, set off, running, happy to announce to my uncle what a dog we had the honour to possess. The thought pleased me so much that I got home without knowing it. Scipio was at my heels.

"Uncle Jacob," I exclaimed, as I opened the door, "Scipio knows the drill! Father Schmidt saw, all at once, that he was a real soldier's dog; he made him march like a grenadier on his hind legs, only saying, one, two, one, two."

My uncle was reading behind the stove. Seeing me so enthusiastic, he put his book on the chimney-shelf, and said to me with a look of wonder, —

"Is it really possible, Fritzel? Why! why!"

"Yes," I cried; "and he also understands politics; he jumps for the Republic and for General Hoche, but he will not jump for the king of Prussia."

My uncle then began to laugh, and looking at the woman, who was smiling in the alcove, with her elbow on the pillow, —

"Madame Thérèse," said he, in a grave tone, "you have never spoken to me of the fine talents of your dog. Is it really true that Scipio knows so many fine things?"

"It is true, monsieur doctor," said she, caressing the poodle, who had approached the bed and stretched out his head with a pleased expression. "Yes, he knows all that; he was the amusement of the battalion. Little Jean taught him something new every day. Didn't you play cards, shake the dice for good luck, and beat the reveille? How many times my father and my two elder

brothers were amused to see you mount guard at the long halt! You made all our people laugh by your grave look and your accomplishments; they forgot the fatigues of the march near you, and they laughed with good will."

She said these things in a sweet voice, much moved, smiling a little at the same time. Scipio had finished by standing erect, his paws on the edge of the bed, to hear his own praises.

But Uncle Jacob, seeing that Madame Thérèse became more and more affected by these recollections which might do her harm, said to me, —

"I am much pleased, Fritz, to learn that Scipio knows the drill and understands politics; but what have you been doing, yourself, since noon?"

"We have been coasting on the Altenberg, uncle; Father Adam lent us his *schlitte*."

"That is very well. But all these events have made us forget Monsieur de Buffon and Klopstock; if this continues, Scipio will very soon know more than you."

At the same time he rose, took from the closet the Natural History of Monsieur de Buffon, and putting the candle on the table, —

"Come, Fritz," said he, smiling to himself at my long face, for I repented for having come home so quickly, "come!"

He sat down, and made me sit on his knee.

This appeared to me very bitter, to set me again at Monsieur de Buffon, after eight days of play-time; but my uncle had such patience as forced me to have it too, and we began the French lesson.

This lasted a full hour, until the time when Lisbeth came to lay the cloth. Then, on turning round, we saw that Madame Thérèse was sleeping. My uncle closed the book, and drew the curtain, while Lisbeth brought in the dishes.

IX.

THAT same evening, after supper, Uncle Jacob was smoking his pipe in silence behind the stove. As for me, I dried the bottom of my trousers, seated in front of the little sheet-iron door, Scipio's head between my knees, and I was watching the red reflection of the flame advancing and receding on the floor. Lisbeth had brought the candle according to custom. We were in a dim light; the fire sang as it does when the weather is very cold; the clock ticked slowly, and outside, in the kitchen, we

heard the old servant wash the dishes in the sink.

How many thoughts then passed through my head! Sometimes I thought of the dead soldier in Reebok's barn, of the black cock in the window; sometimes of Father Schmidt making Scipio go through the drill; then of the Altenberg; of the descent of our sled. All this returned to me like a dream; the plaintive murmuring of the fire seemed to be the music of these recollections, and I felt my eyes close very sweetly.

This lasted for about half an hour, when I was waked by the sound of wooden shoes in the alley; at the same time the door opened, and the cheerful voice of the mole-catcher said in the room, —

"Snow, monsieur doctor, snow! It begins to fall again; we shall have it all night yet."

It would seem that my uncle had finished by going to sleep, for only after a minute I heard him move and reply, —

"What would you have, mole-catcher? it is the season for it; we must expect it now."

Then he got up and went into the kitchen to get a light.

The mole-catcher came forward in the dimness.

"Hallo! Fritz here, not asleep yet?"

My uncle came back. I turned my head and I saw that the mole-catcher had on his winter clothes, — his old martin-skin cap, the worn tail hanging down his back, his jacket of goat-skin, the hair inside, his red waistcoat, the pockets dangling over his thighs, and his old breeches of brown velvet, adorned with patches down to his knees. He smiled, wrinkling up his little eyes, and held something under his arm.

"Did you come for the gazette, mole-catcher?" said my uncle. "It did not arrive this morning. The messenger is behind his time."

"No, monsieur doctor, I came for something else."

He laid down on the table an old square book with a wooden covering at least three lines thick, and all covered with pieces of copper representing vine leaves; the hollows were all black and greasy from age, and from each page came out cords and strings to mark the good passages.

"That's why I came!" said the mole-catcher; "I have no need of news, for when I want to know what is going on in the world, I open and I look."

Then he smiled, and his long yellow teeth appeared under the four hairs of his moustaches sharp as needles.

My uncle said nothing; he drew the table up to the stove, and sat down in his corner.

"Yes," said the mole-catcher, "everything is in that; but it requires understanding,—it requires understanding," said he, touching his head in a dreamy way. "The letters are nothing; it is the spirit—the spirit—which must be understood."

Then he sat down in the arm-chair and laid the book upon his thin legs with a sort of veneration; he opened it, and as my uncle looked at him,—

"Monsieur doctor," said he, "I have spoken to you a hundred times of this book of my Aunt Roesel, of Fleming; well, now I have brought it to you to show you the past, the present, and the future. You shall see, you shall see! Everything that has happened for these four years was written beforehand; I understood it perfectly, only I did not like to say so, on account of Richter, who would have laughed at me, for he sees no farther than the end of his nose. And the future is all in there too; but I shall explain it only to you, monsieur doctor, who are a sensible, reasonable, clear-seeing man. This is what I came for."

"Listen, mole-catcher," said my uncle. "I am perfectly aware that all is mystery in the lower world, and I am not so presumptuous as to refuse to believe in the predictions and the miracles related by grave authors, such as Moses, Herodotus, Thucydides, Titus Livius, and many others. But notwithstanding this, I respect the will of the Lord too much to desire to penetrate the secrets reserved by his infinite wisdom. I should like better to see in your book the fulfilment of things already past than the future. Besides, that would be much more clear."

"That is good, that is good! you shall know all," replied the mole-catcher, gratified by my uncle's serious manner.

He pushed his arm-chair towards the table and rested his book on the edge; then, beginning to rummage in his pocket, he drew out from it his old copper-mounted spectacles and straddled them over his nose, which gave him a truly odd look.

My attention may be imagined. I, also, had approached the table, my elbows on the edge, my chin in my hands, and I looked, holding my breath, my eyes stretched out to my temples.

This scene will be always present to my mind,—the profound stillness of the room, the tick, tick of the clock, the crackling of the fire, the candle like a star in the midst of us; my uncle opposite to me in the dim

corner; Scipio at my feet; then the mole-catcher, bending over the volume of predictions; and behind him the little black windows where the snow was falling in the darkness. I see all this again, and I even still seem to hear the voice of that poor old mole-catcher, and of that good Uncle Jacob, both so long since descended into the tomb. It was a strange scene.

"What! mole-catcher," said my uncle, "have you need of spectacles at your age? I thought you had excellent sight."

"I have no need of them for reading common things, nor to see at a distance," replied the mole-catcher. "I have good eyes, and in the spring I can see from here a nest of caterpillars on the side of the Altenberg; but you must know that these glasses were my Aunt Roesel's of Fleming, and that one must wear them in order to comprehend this book. Sometimes they trouble me, but I read over or under them; the essential thing is to have them upon the nose."

"Ah! that is different, very different," said my uncle in a serious tone; for he had too good a heart to let the mole-catcher see that he was amused.

The mole-catcher immediately began to read:—

"'Anno 1793. The grass is withered and the flower is fallen, because the wind has blown over them.' That signifies that we are in winter; the grass is withered because the wind has blown over it."

My uncle bowed his head, and the mole-catcher went on:—

"'The isles have been seized with fear; the ends of the earth have been terrified. They have drawn near and have come.' That, monsieur doctor, is to make us understand that England, and even the isles which are more distant in the sea, have been terrified on account of the Republicans. 'They have drawn near and have come.' Everybody knows that the English have landed in Belgium to make war upon the French. But attend well to the rest: 'At this time the leaders of the people shall be like fire from the hearth in a forest, and like a torch among the wheat-sheaves; they will devour the whole country from right to left.'"

The mole-catcher then raised his finger with a solemn air and said, —

"There, those are the kings and the emperors who are advancing in the midst of their armies and devour everything in the country through which they pass. We unhappily know these things from having seen them; and our poor village will remember them for a long time."

As my uncle made no reply, he went on again.

"At this time woe to the worthless shepherd who abandons his flock! the sword shall fall from his arm, and his right eye shall be wholly darkened." We see, in these words, the bishop of Mayence, with his nurse and his five mistresses, who ran off last year on the arrival of General Castine. He was a worthless shepherd, indeed, — the scandal of the whole country. His right arm is withered and his right eye is darkened."

"But," said my uncle, "consider, mole-catcher, that bishop was not the only one; there were a great many who did the same in Germany, in France, and throughout the world."

"A reason the more, monsieur doctor," replied the mole-catcher; "the book speaks for all the earth, for," said he, his finger resting upon the page, "for in that time, says the Eternal, I will take from the world the false prophets, the workers of miracles, and the spirit of impurity." What can that mean, Doctor Jacob, if not all these men who continually talk about the love of one's neighbour in order to obtain our money; who believe in nothing and menace us with hell; who are robed in purple and gold and preach humility to us; who say, 'Sell all your goods and follow Christ,' and who only heap up riches in their palaces and their convents; who recommend faith to us and laugh among themselves at the simple ones who listen to them? Is not that the spirit of impurity?"

"Yes," said my uncle, "it is abominable."

"Well, it is for them, it is for all the wicked shepherds, that these things are written," said the mole-catcher.

Then he began again.

"At that time shall be heard in the mountain the sound of a multitude, like that of a great people rising up, the sound of an assembled nation. For this the surrounding people will listen, and every heart of man shall be melted. And the proud shall be distracted; the world will be in travail like her who gives birth to a child; the good will look on each other with kindled faces; they will hear for the first time great things spoken of; they will know that in the eyes of the Eternal they are all equal, and all are born for justice, as the trees of the forest are for light."

"Is that really written there, mole-catcher?" asked my uncle.

"See for yourself," he replied, handing Uncle Jacob the book.

Then, with troubled eyes, Uncle Jacob looked.

"Yes, it is written," said he in a low voice; it is written. Ah! may the Lord God Eternal accomplish such great things in our time! may He rejoice our hearts by such a spectacle!"

Then suddenly stopping himself, as if he were astonished at his own enthusiasm, —

"Is it possible that at my age I can still allow myself to be moved to this point? I am a child, a veritable child."

He gave the book again to the mole-catcher, who said, smiling, — "I see plainly, monsieur doctor, that you understand that passage as I do; that sound of a great people rising up in France, which proclaims the rights of man."

"What! do you believe that refers to the French Revolution?" asked my uncle.

"Eh! to what else then?" said the mole-catcher; "it is as plain as day."

Then he put on his spectacles, which he had taken off, and read, —

"There shall be seventy weeks in which the sin shall be consummated, the iniquity shall be expiated, and the justice of the ages led in. After which men shall throw their idols made of silver to the moles and the bats. And many people will say, — Let us turn our swords into plough-shares and our spears into pruning hooks!"

At this place the mole-catcher put his elbows upon the book, and scratching his beard, his nose in the air, he appeared to reflect deeply. My eyes could no longer leave him; he seemed to me to see strange things. A world unknown was moving in the darkness around us; the feeble crackling of the fire and the long-drawn breathing of Scipio, sleeping near me, produced upon me the effect of distant voices, and even the stillness disquieted me.

Uncle Jacob seemed to have regained his calmness. He had just filled his large pipe and lighted it with a slip of paper, throwing out two or three great whiffs slowly, in order to kindle the tobacco well. He closed the lid and stretched himself in the arm-chair, heaving a sigh.

"Men will throw away their idols of silver," said the mole-catcher, "that is to say, their crowns, their florins, and their money of all kinds. 'They throw them to the moles,' that is to say, to the blind; for you know, monsieur doctor, that moles are blind. The unfortunate blind people like Father Harich are true moles; in full day they walk in darkness as if they were under ground. Men in those days will give their money to the blind and to the bats. By

bats we must understand the old, old women who can no longer labour, who are bald, and who sit in the chimney-corners like Christine Besme, whom you know as well as I do. That poor Christine is so thin, and has so little hair, that every one who sees her thinks, 'That is a bat.'"

"Yes, yes, yes," said my uncle in a peculiar tone, slowly nodding his head; "it is clear, mole-catcher; it is quite clear. Now I understand your book; it is an admirable thing!"

"Men will give their money to the blind and to the old women from a spirit of charity," replied the mole-catcher, "and that will be the end of misery in this world; there will be no more poor in seventy weeks, which are not weeks of days, but weeks of months, and they will sharpen their swords into plough-shares, that they may cultivate the earth and live in peace."

This explanation of the moles and the bats struck me so much that I remained with my eyes wide open, imagining that I saw this odd transformation going on in the corner where my uncle sat. I was listening no longer, and the voice of the mole-catcher continued his monotonous reading, when the door opened again. I was all goose-flesh. Had old blind Harich and old Christine entered, arm in arm, in their new forms, I should not have been more frightened. I turned my head, my mouth wide open, and I breathed; it was our friend Koffel who came to see us. I had to look twice before I really recognised him, the ideas of the bats and the moles had so possessed my imagination.

Koffel had on his old grey knit winter suit, his cap drawn down over his neck, and his large shoes down at heel, into which he put some old slippers when he went out. He kept his knees bent and his hands in his pockets as if he were chilled; innumerable flakes of snow covered him.

"Good-evening, monsieur doctor," said he, shaking his cap in the vestibule. "I come late, but many people stopped me on the way, at the Red Ox and at the Crock of Gold."

"Come in, Koffel," said my uncle to him. "Did you close the outer door tight?"

"Yes, Doctor Jacob, fear nothing." He came in, smiling.

"Did not the Gazette come this morning?"

"No, but we have no need of it," replied my uncle, in a tone of slightly comic good-humour; "we have the mole-catcher's book, which tells of the present, the past, and the future."

"Does it tell of our victory?" asked Koffel, as he drew up to the stove.

My uncle and the mole-catcher looked at each other astonished.

"What victory?" asked the mole-catcher.

"Eh! that of day before yesterday at Kaiserslautern. They are talking of nothing but that through the whole village; it was Richter, Monsieur Richter, who returned from down there about two o'clock, who brought the news. At the Crock of Gold they have already emptied more than fifty bottles in honour of the Prussians; the Republicans are thoroughly routed."

Scarcely had he spoken of the Republicans when we turned towards the alcove, reflecting that the Frenchwoman was there, and that she was overhearing us. This troubled us, for she was a worthy woman, and we thought that this news might do her much harm. My uncle raised his hand, shaking his head with an expression of distress; then he rose gently and half opened the curtains to see if Madame Thérèse was asleep.

"Is it you, monsieur doctor?" she immediately said. "For an hour I have been listening to the predictions of the mole-catcher. I have heard all."

"Ah! Madame Thérèse," said my uncle, "these are false tidings."

"I do not think so, monsieur doctor. If a battle was fought day before yesterday at Kaiserslautern, we must have been worsted; otherwise the French would have marched immediately to Landau to raise the blockade of that place and to cut off the retreat of the Austrians; their right wing would have passed through the village." Then, raising her voice, "Monsieur Koffel," she said, "will you tell me any details that you know?"

Of all the distant things of that time, this, above all, has remained in my memory; for on that night we saw what a woman we had saved, and we understood also what was that French race which had risen in crowds to convert the world.

The mole-catcher had taken the candle from the table, and we had all gone into the alcove, I at the foot of the bed, Scipio against my leg. I looked on in silence, and for the first time I saw that Madame Thérèse had become so thin that she resembled a man. Her bony face with its straight nose, its hollow eyes, and sharply drawn chin was resting on her hand; her arm, dry and brown, came out almost to the elbow from Lisbeth's coarse chemise; a red silk handkerchief, tied in front, fell backward upon her emaciated neck; her magnificent black hair could not be seen, except a very

little above her ears, from which hung two large gold hoops. And that which above all fixed my attention was a copper medal hanging from her neck representing the head of a young girl with a head-dress in the form of a helmet; this relic attracted my eyes. I have since known that it was the symbol of the Republic, but then I thought it was the Holy Virgin of the French.

As the mole-catcher raised the candle behind us, the whole alcove was full of light; Madame Thérèse looked at Koffel, who fixed his eyes on Uncle Jacob as if to ask him what he ought to do.

"There are rumours going through the village," said he, with embarrassment, "but Richter does not deserve two-pence worth of credence."

"No matter for that, Monsieur Koffel; tell me about it," said she; "monsieur doctor, you will permit it, will you not?"

"Certainly," said my uncle, with an air of regret. "But it is not necessary to believe all that is reported."

"No; there is exaggeration, I perfectly understand; but it is better to know things than to figure to one's self a thousand fancies; it torments less."

Koffel then began to relate that two days before, the French had attacked Kaiserslautern, and that from seven o'clock in the morning till nightfall they had made terrible assaults to gain the entrenchments; that the Prussians had destroyed them by thousands; that nothing was to be seen but the dead in the ravines, on the hill-side, along the roads, and in the Lauter; that the French had abandoned everything, their canteens, their powder wagons, their guns, and their knapsacks; that there was a general slaughter of them, and that the Brunswick cavalry sent out to pursue them made crowds of prisoners.

Madame Thérèse, her chin resting upon her hand, her eyes fixed on the end of the alcove, and her lips compressed, said nothing. She listened, and from time to time, when Koffel wanted to stop, — for to relate these things before that poor woman gave him a great deal of pain, — she turned a very calm look towards him, and he went on, saying, — "They also say this or that, but I do not believe it."

At last he was silent, and Madame Thérèse for some moments continued to reflect. Then, as my uncle said, — "All this is only report; nothing positive is known. You would do wrong to distress yourself, Madame Thérèse," she rose up lightly to support herself against the head-board of the bedstead, and said to us in a very quiet tone, —

"Listen; it is clear that we have been repulsed. But do not think, monsieur doctor, that that distresses me; no, this affair which appears considerable to you is a small thing to me. I have seen that same Brunswick get as far even as Champagne at the head of a hundred thousand veterans, issue proclamations which had no common sense, menace all France, and then retreat before peasants in wooden shoes, the bayonet at his back, even to Prussia. My father, a poor schoolmaster, became chief of the battalion, my brothers from poor working men became captains through their courage, and I, behind, with little Jean, in my cart, we followed him, after the defiles of L'Argonne and the battle of Valmy. Do not think, then, that such things frighten me. We are not one hundred thousand men, nor two hundred thousand; we are six millions of peasants who desire to eat the bread ourselves that we have painfully gained by our labor. That is just, and God is with us."

As she spoke she became animated; she extended her long thin arm. The mole-catcher, my uncle, and Koffel looked at each other astonished.

"It is not one defeat, nor twenty, nor a hundred, which can overthrow us," she resumed; "when one of us falls, ten others arise. It is not for the king of Prussia, nor for the emperor of Germany, that we march: it is for the abolition of privileges of every kind, for liberty, for justice, for the rights of man! If we are to be vanquished, it is necessary to exterminate us to the very last," said she, with a strange smile, "and that is not so easy as it may seem. Only it is very sad that so many thousands of brave people on your side should suffer themselves to be killed for kings and nobles who are their greatest enemies, when simple good sense would tell them they should join with us to expel all those oppressors of the poor; yes, that is very sad, and gives me more pain than all beside."

Having thus spoken, she lay down again, and Uncle Jacob, astonished by the justness of her words, remained silent for some moments.

The mole-catcher and Koffel looked at each other without saying anything; but it was plainly to be seen that the reflections of the Frenchwoman had struck them, and that they thought, — "That woman is right."

At the end of a minute my uncle said, — "Be calm, Madame Thérèse, be calm; all will be for the best; about many things we think alike, and if it depended only upon me, we would soon make peace together."

"Yes, monsieur doctor," she replied;

"I know it, for you are a just man, and we wish for justice only."

"Try to forget all this," said Uncle Jacob again; "you need nothing now but quietness, to regain good health."

"I will try, monsieur doctor."

We then came out of the alcove, and my uncle, looking at us dreamily, said,—

"It is very near ten o'clock; let us go to bed; it is time."

From Good Words.

A LOVE-LETTER.

You ask me, friend, to tell you of my wife !
And on what stair, or landing-place of life,
I met, as 'twere, God's angel coming down,
Or mine ascending for her marriage crown ?

I say you sooth, however strange it seem,
The first time that I saw her was in dream :
A vision of the night did clearly glass
Her living lineaments ; I saw her pass
Smiling, as those may smile who feel they hold
At heart safe-hidden, secret fold on fold,
The sweetest love that ever was untold.
And as it passed, the vision turned on me
A moment's look, a lifetime's memory.
But little could I dream that this should prove
The whole wide world's one lady of my love.
I had never seen that face or form, and yet
I knew them both by daylight when we met.

Blind world ! to pass and pass my darling by,
My lily of the vale, where she did lie
Snug in her own green leaves, and never see
The wonder veiled and waiting there for me,
With cloudy fragrance all about her curled ; —
And yet my blessings on thee, O blind world !
It is so sweet to find with one's own eyes,
Led by divine good-hap, to her surprise,
Our Perdita, our princess in disguise.
The eye that finds must bring the power to see ;
('Tis Goethe's doctrine — comforting to me !)
And now she's found, the world would give me
much

Could I but tell it of another such.

Is she an angel ?

Let us not forget,
My friend, that we are scarcely angels yet.
At least my modest soul would not be pledged
To call itself an angel fully flegged :
Flesh is so frail, nor am I very sure
Of being in spirit altogether pure :
Snags of old broken sins torment me still,
With pains that death itself will hardly kill.
If not an angel, let the truth be told,
I have not grasped at glitter — missed the gold :
And lucky is the man who gets the gold :
Refined and fitted for the marriage mould !
Still happier, who can keep it pure to bear
The finer features of immortal wear !
She is of angel-stuff ; but I'm afraid
The angels are not given us ready-made ;

He conducted the mole-catcher and Koffel out, and shut the bolt as usual. As for me, I was already climbing the stairs.

That night I heard my uncle walk for a long time in his room. He came and went with a slow and grave step, like a man who is reflecting. At last all sounds ceased, and by the grace of God I fell asleep.

In other worlds this wife of mine may be
The perfect public angel all may see ;
At present she's a private one for me,
My household deity of common things,
That into lowly ways a beauty brings,
Just as the grass comes creeping, making bright,
And blessed with its ripples of delight
And quiet smiles, all pathways dim and bare.

Is she a beauty ?

Well, I will not swear
A thousand graces on her grace attend,
A thousand beauties with her beauty blend,
Or that she is so pitilessly fair
Each passer-by must turn, or stop, or stare,
And he on whom she looks feels instantly
As one that springs from dust to deity.
Nor can I sing of outer symbols now —
The swan-white stately neck, the snow-white
brow,

The lip's live rose, the head superbly crowned,
Eyes that when fathomed farthest heaven is
found !

I chose for worth, not show, nor choose for them
Who would have the caskef richer than the gem !

That wife is poor, whate'er her dower may be,
Who hath no beauty save what all may see ;
No mystery of the human and divine ;
No other face to unveil within the shrine
Uplighted only for one worshipper,
And to one love alone familiar ;
No veil to lift from the familiar face
Daily, and show the unfamiliar grace.
Eyes shine for others, but divinely dim
And dewy do they grow only for him !
And her dear face transformed he doth find,
All mirror to the beauty in his mind.

The beauty worn by bird and butterfly,
Lives on the outside lustrous to the eye ;
But still as nobler grow hue, form, and face,
More inward is shy Beauty's dwelling-place.
And there's a beauty fashioned in the mould
Transmitted from the Beautiful of old,
That from some family-face its best doth win :
But my love's beauty cometh from within,
The loveliness of love made visible,
To feature which the Sculptor Form is dull.
Not the mere charms of cheek, or chin, or lip,
That vanish on a week's acquaintanceship ;
But that crown-beauty which we cannot clasp,
The beauty that eludes even Death's grave-grasp.

At forty what we yearn for in a wife
Is a calm haven 'mid the seas of strife;
One fresh, green summit in the waste of life,
That gathers dew from heaven, and tenderly
Turns it to drops of life for you or me;
A spring of healing in the desert sand;
A palm for shadow in a weary land;
A mind that doth not dwell so far apart
That we can find no entrance save at heart;
One that at equal step with us may walk,
And kiss at equal stature in our talk;
And scale the loftiest life still arm-in-arm,
As well as nestle in the valleys warm.

And here's my Rest, where sun and shadow
meet;
Green leaves above, cool grasses at my feet,
Bees in the blossom, gleams of woodland grace;
A brooding dove the spirit of the place;
Twinkle of beams that bathe in hidden dew;
An earthly pleasnance, with heaven smiling
through.
My darling sitting with her hand in mine,
Here, where 'mid buttercups the crouching kine
Chewing, with ruminant stateliness, behold
The milky plenty and the meadowy gold.
I brought her here some happy months ago —
Her winter prison amid miles of snow.
Poor bird! she felt that she was caged at last,
Her forest far away, its freedom past;
Her eyes made mournful search, mine laughed
to see
She would have flown, and knew not where to
flee:
The little wedding-ring had grown a round
Large hoop about our lives, and we are bound.
Useless was all petitionary quest;
No outlet! so she nestled in my breast.
And may we always be as wise, my dear,
When things look dark around or foes are near!

And now the fragrant summer-tide hath come
And isled us in a sea of leaf and bloom;
And now the tremulous sweetness, restless grace,
Have settled down to brood in the dear face
That lightens by me fair and privet-pale,
Soft in the shadow of the bridal veil:
The sunny sparkle of Southern gaiety
That in her English blood doth gaily dance,
Hath steadied to the still and sacred glow
Which hath more inner life than outward show.

So many are the mishaps and the griefs
In marriage — like Beau Brummel's neckerchiefs,
Armfuls of failure for one perfect tie!
And have we hit it? do you say, or sigh?

Time was, when life in triumph would have
run,
And faster than the fields catch fire o' the sun,
Or light takes shape and feature in the flowers,
My answer would have blossomed with the hours.
I should have felt the buds begin to blow
With my love-warmth; yea, another dawn to glow;
Heard all the bells in heaven ring quite plain,

LIVING AGE. VOL. XL. 417

Because young blood went singing through my
brain.

I should have sung that we had reached the land
Where milk and honey flow o'er golden sand;
And that far El Dorado we had found
Where nothing less than nuggets fill the ground.
But 'tis no more the lyric life of youth,
When fancy seemed truer than all truth,
And standing in that dawn, the sun of love
Hung dewy rainbows on each web we wove;
And to the leap of the blood we felt it given
To scale the tallest battlements of heaven:
Poor was the prize of wisdom's proudest dower,
Beside that glory of the flesh in flower.

And now I cannot sing my lady's praise
Lark-like, as in the morning of those days
When at a touch the song would upward start
And, half in heaven, empty all the heart.
'Tis August with me now, and harvest heat,
And in the nest the silence is so sweet:
Moreover, love is such a bosom-thing,
In words its nestling nearnesses take wing:
Nor flower of speech could ever yet express
The married sweetness or the homeliness:
We cannot fable the ineffable!
The tongue is tied too, with the heart at full.
Music may hint it, with her latest breath,
But fails: her heaven is only reached through
death.

The stirring of the sap in bole and bough —
Mere feeling — will not set me singing now!
I thank my God for all that he hath given,
And ope the windows of my soul to heaven;
So would I journey to the land above,
Clothed with humility, and crown'd with love.

I look no more without, and think to win
The treasures that are only found within;
And, after many years, have grown too wise
To search our world for some lost paradise,
Or feel unhappy should we chance to miss
The next life's possibilities in this.
'Tis here we follow, but hereafter find,
The goal all golden mirrored in the mind.
That Age of Gold behind us, and the isles
Where dwell the blessed, are but as the smiles
Reflected from a heaven that onward lies;
The gold of sundown caught in orient skies.

And yet if any bit of Eden bloom
In this old world, 'tis in the wedded home:
And what a wonder-world of novel life
Do these two range through hand-in-hand as
wife
And husband; in one flesh two spirits paired,
Their joys all doubled, all their sorrows shared
Two spirits blending in one heavenward spire,
That soars up from a fragrant altar fire;
Two halves in one perfection wed, to prove
The shaped idea of immortal love!

We cannot see Love with our mortal sight,
But lo! the singing angels come some night
To bring his tiny image in the child,
Wherewith from out the darkness He hath
smiled:

The tender voice whereby the All-loving breaks
His silence, and in human fashion speaks ;
The gentle hand put forth to draw us near
The heart of life, whose pulse is beating here :
Though seldom do we guess, so dim our eyes,
That God comes down in such a simple guise,
And yet of such the kingdom of heaven is ;
Through them, the next world is revealed in this.

And how they come to us to give us back
What we have lost along the dusty track :
The sweetness of the dawn, the early dew,
The tender green and heaven's unclouded blue ;
The treasures that we dropped upon the ground,
And they in following after us have found !

Ah, love ! my life is not so bare of leaf
But we can find a nest for shelter, if
The bounteous heavens should bless us from
above,

And in our branches cradle some wee dove.
Nor will my darling lack a touch still warm
To finish that fine sculpture of her form ;
For if love dwell in me, the Angel-Elf
Shall kiss her to some likeness of himself.

At the hill-top I reach my resting-place,
To find clear heaven — feel it face to face ;
Firm footing after all the weary slips
To hold the cup unshaken at the lips.
The meaning of my life grows clear at last,
And I can smile at all the troubles past ;
The clouds put on a glory to mine eyes,
My sorrows were my Saviour in disguise ;
And I have walked with angels unawares,
And mounted upward climbing over cares,
A little nearer to the home above :
Here let me rest in the good Father's love,
Embodied in these arms embracing me,
Serenely as the sea-flowers in deep sea.

'Tis true, just as we feel our foreheads crowned
And all so glorious grows the prospect round,
It seems one stride might launch us on heaven's
wave, —

Thenceforth our steps go downward to the grave.
What then ? I would not rest till spirit rust
And I am undistinguishable dust :
And if love bring no second spring to me,
This is the fore-feel of a spring to be ;
If no new dawn, yet in the evening hours,
Freshly bedewed, more sweetly smell the flowers
And Autumn hath its glory rich and warm,
A mellow splendour, a maturer charm ;
And round my path the glow of love hath made
Gentle illumination for the shade.

Something, dear Lord, thou hast for me to say,
Or wherefore draw me toward the springs of day,
And make my face with happiness to shine,
By softly placing this dear hand in mine,
Even while I stretch it to Thee through the
dark ?

A something that shall shine aloft and mark
Thy goodness and my gratitude upon
This Mount Transfiguration, when I'm gone.
If Thou hast set my foot on firmer ground,
Lord, let me show what helper I have found.
If Thou hast toucht me with thy loftier light,
Lord, let me turn to those that walk in night,

And climb with more at heart than they can
bear ;
Though but a twinkle through their cloud of
care.

I ask not that my life should break in bloom,
For flowers to crown my love or wreath my
tomb ;

Nor do I ask the laurel for my brow,
But only that above my grave may grow
Some sunny grains of thine immortal seed
For Bread of Life on which poor souls can feed :
Lord ! let me have my one supreme desire —
To fill some earthly facts with heavenly fire !
Let me work now, for all eternity,
With its large-seeming leisure, waiteth me !

OCTOBER.

Oh crickets, hush your boding song !

I know the truth it makes so plain —
Ye say that Autumn dies ere long,
And soon the Winter's wrath and wrong
Will chill the pallid world again.

Oh, mournful wind of midnight, cease
To breathe your low, prophetic sigh ;
Too clearly for my spirit's peace
I see the mellow days' decrease
And fell December drawing nigh.

Fall silently, October rain,
Nor take that wailing under-tone —
Nor beat so loudly on the pane
The sad, monotonous refrain
Which tells me Summer-time has flown.

Be chrier of your golden days,
Oh, goldenest month of all the throng !
Oh pour less lavishly your rays !
Hoard carefully your purple haze,
So haply it may last more long !

Spendthrift October ! art thou wise,
Who wasteth in thy plenteous prime
More beauty on the earth and skies,
More hue and glow, than would suffice
To brighten all the Winter time ?

Yes — better Autumn, all delight,
And then a Winter all unblest,
Than months of mingled dark and bright,
Of faded tints and pallid light,
Imperfect dreams and broken rest.

Ah, better if our life could know
One wholly happy, perfect year,
One time of cloudless joy and glow —
And then its days of rayless woe —
Than this commingled hope and fear.

This doubt and dread which naught consoles —
Which marks our brows ere manhood's prime ;
This dark uncertainty which rolls
Like chariot-wheels across our souls,
And makes us old before our time.

So pour your light, October skies,
Oh, fairest skies which ever are !
Put on, O earth, your bravest dyes,
And smile, although the cricket cries,
And Winter threatens from afar !

From St. Paul's.

OTHER HABITABLE WORLDS.

NOT many years have elapsed since Whewell, in "The Plurality of Worlds," and Brewster, in "More Worlds than One," respectively oppugned and defended the belief that there exist other inhabited worlds besides our own earth; yet so many and such important discoveries have been made in astronomy and physics during the interval, that the question which was at issue between Brewster and Whewell may be said to have assumed in the present day a totally different aspect. The invention of a mode of physical analysis, the powers of which seem absolutely incredible to any one who is unfamiliar with the laws on which they rest, has enabled the modern physicist to answer some of the very questions respecting which Brewster and Whewell were at issue. It is not a little remarkable to find that, in a controversy in which both disputants were so able, one has been shown to have been wholly in the wrong in nearly every speculative argument adduced in support of his views. It would almost seem as if there were some truth in the view which was put forward during the progress of the controversy, that Dr. Whewell was but half in earnest. We propose to discuss very briefly, the more important of the discoveries referred to above, and then to consider the evidence we have respecting the habitability of certain members of the solar system.

One of the arguments on which Whewell laid most stress was founded on our want of knowledge respecting the constitution of the celestial bodies. We know nothing, he reasoned, even respecting the substances of which our own moon is constituted, and this body is but a quarter of a million of miles from us. What, then, can we ever learn respecting the constitution of bodies which are many millions, — in some cases, hundreds of millions, — of miles removed from us? For aught we know, not one of the elements which exist on our own earth is present in these distant globes. Nay, he even ventured to express positive opinions respecting the immense difference which he assumed to exist between several of the celestial bodies and our own earth. He held that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are but "immense clouds," or "water and vapour packed into rotating masses." The asteroids he held to be "mere shreds and specks of planetary matter," — "watery globes, with perhaps a lump, or a few similar lumps, of planetary matter at their centre."

In expressing the opinion that astronomers could never obtain any certain knowledge of the constitution of the celestial bodies, Whewell can hardly be said to have been unduly confident. Even his opponent concurred with him here. Brewster held, indeed, that the physical constitution of some, at least, of the other planets may resemble that of our own earth; but he was compelled to acknowledge that his views could never be established by positive arguments. He held that they were more probable than Whewell's, and that was all he ventured to say for them.

And, indeed, if we consider the subject a little attentively, we cannot but feel that no scientific man could have hoped, with any show of reason, for positive information respecting the constitution of the celestial bodies. One might almost as well have hoped that it would one day become possible to communicate with the inhabitants of these outer worlds. A certain philosopher once said, jestingly, that if there be inhabitants on the moon, we might interchange ideas with them respecting mathematical problems, by means of trees planted in geometrical figures. "For instance," he said, "we might construct in this way a figure illustrating the famous forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, and wait until the lunarian geometers showed by some corresponding labours their appreciation of our mathematical acquirements." Ridiculous as this notion may appear, it certainly does not seem more absurd, at a first view, than the expectation that, by any processes man might invent, he could learn the physical constitution of bodies even more distant than the moon, — that he should be able, for instance, to assert with the fullest certainty of conviction that enormous quantities of iron and copper exist in the sun's mass.

Yet it is precisely such knowledge as this which has been deduced from the application of the wonderful method of research termed "spectroscopic analysis." Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the principles involved in this great invention. MM. Kirschoff and Bunsen were the first to show that the lines, which cross the streak of rainbow-coloured-light termed the prismatic spectrum, indicate with the utmost certainty the character of the vapours through which the source of light is shining. This, indeed, is only one of the points established by their researches. It is the one, however, with which alone we are at present concerned. No dubiety can be attached to the law thus laid down. It has been tested by the most refined chemical

experiments, and has become recognised in turn as the most certain mode of chemical analysis. But now consider how extensive is the application of this law. Whatever objects are luminous can be examined and tested by means of it. It does not matter how near or how far off an object may be; — it may be in the physicist's own room, or it may be a few miles off, or it may be removed by those inconceivable distances which separate the celestial bodies from us; — it is equally available for spectroscopic analysis.

The evidence supplied by this powerful analysis affords a very complete and satisfactory reply to Dr. Whewell's argument. The rainbow-coloured streak of light which forms the solar spectrum is crossed by hundreds of fine lines, — here separated by well-marked intervals, there clustered together with almost inconceivable closeness. It is evident, therefore, that the solar light reaches us through a very complex atmosphere. And when these lines are compared with the lines of the various terrestrial elements, it is found that many of the most important of these certainly exist in the solar atmosphere. Other terrestrial elements are probably present, but some of their fainter lines are not seen; and the lines of some elements are wanting altogether. We are not, of course, to assume that those elements are wanting whose lines are not seen; because if any element were present in small quantity its lines would be proportionately faint. We find, indeed, a certain correspondence in this respect between the solar constituents and those of our own earth. Iron is present in large quantities as an element in the earth's composition; and we find the iron lines in the solar spectrum so strongly marked that no doubt whatever can exist respecting the presence of enormous quantities of iron in the solar atmosphere. The same remark applies to sodium, magnesium, calcium, and other elements. But gold and silver, mercury, antimony, arsenic, &c., which are so much less common on our own earth, have not yet been detected in the solar atmosphere. Copper and zinc, which are moderately common terrestrial elements, are found to exist in the solar spectrum, but in less quantities than iron, sodium, magnesium, and calcium, since the fainter lines of the two former elements are not noticeable in the solar spectrum.

We need hardly point out how largely the discovery that terrestrial elements exist in the sun modifies the views we are to form respecting the constitution of the planets. As the planets are opaque, we cannot tell

what elements exist in their substance; but when we know that the great centre of our system is formed of the elements which constitute our own earth, we are justified in accepting as highly probable the opinion that all the other planets are similarly constituted.

But this is far from being all. The range of the spectroscope extends beyond the centre of our own system. Unlike the telescope, which can do simply nothing with the fixed stars, — revealing them, indeed, with heightened splendour, but affording no indication whatever of their true nature, — the spectroscope tells us more about them than we could have hoped to learn even of our nearest neighbour, the moon. We obtain, in fact, precisely the same sort of evidence respecting the stars as we have already had respecting the sun, with this important difference in the evidence itself, that whereas the sun exhibits a close affinity to our own earth as respects the proportions which exist between its elementary constituents, the stars, — centres, doubtless, of other systems, — exhibit no such affinity. It may seem rashly speculative to found a theory on this evidence alone; but we cannot but regard it as a legitimate deduction that, in all probability, all the members of a planetary system circulating around any star are similarly constituted, and that the nature of their common constitution is exhibited by the spectroscopic analysis of their central sun.

But there is evidence of yet another kind to show that the elements we have been in the habit of speaking of as "terrestrial" exist in other parts of the solar system. Although meteoric stones, or *aërolites*, have fallen on the earth at intervals during many hundreds of years, it is but recently that the scientific world has accepted as indubitable the fact that these stones are really visitants from the interplanetary spaces. Now that this fact is recognised, the chemical analysis of *aërolites* becomes the chemical analysis of portions of the solar system. "There is an interest attached to *aërolites*," says Humboldt, "wholly different from that connected with any other objects of astronomical or physical research, inasmuch as by means of them we are brought into contact, so to speak, with external space, and are permitted to weigh, to handle, and to analyse masses not belonging to our terrestrial formations." The analysis of *aërolites* exhibits to us the same fact which has been revealed by the spectroscopic analysis of the sun. We find that the very elements which are most common on our own earth occur most commonly also as components

of meteoric stones. But, remembering that the stones which reach the earth are few in number compared with those which are wholly dissipated in the upper regions of air, the inquiry is suggested whether we cannot learn anything respecting the structure of these objects also. They are luminous through intensity of heat, and therefore they are suitable objects of spectroscopic analysis. But the difficulty is to view them with a spectroscope during their hasty swoop across the sky. Patient observers have, however, overcome this difficulty; and although it is impossible to obtain a well-defined spectrum from the light of a shooting-star, yet it has been found that certain elements which happen to have well-marked lines, and notably sodium, — which, it will be remembered, is one of the elements most plentifully distributed throughout the solar atmosphere, — exist in the masses of these wandering and minute members of the great planetary family.

Another argument on which Dr. Whewell laid great stress was founded on the doubt whether any planet has an atmosphere resembling that of our own earth. Astronomers had been led to suspect that most of the planets, — if not all of them, — are surrounded with atmospheric envelopes of some sort; but there was no certainty on this point, and far less respecting the constitution of the planetary atmospheres. Here was another negative argument, which it seemed wholly impossible that men should ever be able to oppugn satisfactorily. Yet here again the spectroscope has afforded the clearest evidence. We have said that the planets being opaque, it is impossible to learn in what manner they are constituted. But we can learn, — or, at least, there is a possibility of our learning, — whether the light reflected from a planet's surface has passed through an atmospheric envelope; for, if the planet's spectrum is crossed by dark lines, not existing in the solar spectrum, these lines must be caused by vapours existing either in the earth's atmosphere or in the atmosphere of the planet; nor is it so difficult as, at first sight, might be supposed to determine in which of the two atmospheres those vapours exist. In observing the planet Mars, Mr. Huggins noticed that the spectrum was crossed by a number of lines which appear in the solar spectrum when the sun is low down, that is, when his light passes through the denser strata of our atmosphere. Now, although Mars was not so low down as to suggest the probability that the lines were caused by the earth's atmosphere, yet it was not wholly impossible that they might have been, because the

constitution of the atmosphere, as respects the amount of aqueous vapour present in it, &c., is not absolutely constant. Therefore it did not become certain that the vapours indicated by these lines exist in the atmosphere of Mars until the following crucial test had been applied: — The spectroscope was directed towards the moon, then lower down than Mars; so that if the vapours were due to the earth's atmosphere their lines must have been more strongly shown in the moon's spectrum than in that of Mars. But they were not seen in the moon's spectrum. Thus it was proved that there is a Martial atmosphere, and that it is loaded with the very vapours that are found in the earth's atmosphere.

It has been shown that the same vapours exist, also, in the atmosphere of Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn; but their lines are not quite so distinctly seen as in the spectrum of Mars, — for this reason, probably, that the light received from the former planets is not reflected from their true surface, but from vaporious masses floating above the denser atmospheric strata. Thus the light has traversed a smaller quantity of these characteristic vapours, and their lines are proportionately indistinct.

Sir David Brewster laid great stress on the analogy between the planet Mars and our own earth. He pointed to the continents and oceans of the ruddy planet; to its snow-crowned poles; to the clouds which float in its atmosphere; and to numerous other analogies which mark it as well fit to be the abode of creatures resembling those which exist on our own earth. Dr. Whewell was not ready to admit that all these analogies really exist. He argued that what we call continents and oceans may not be so; and that it is assuming too much to say that the white specks of light which cap the Martial poles are certainly masses of snow and ice. On these points recent discoveries do not speak quite so positively as on the others. But this has been done; it has been shown that the so-called lands and seas are permanent features. They have been charted and named, and a globe of Mars has been constructed. It has been shown that the red colour of the "continents" is not due to the Martial atmosphere. The waxing and waning of the polar snow-caps have been more carefully watched than before, and found to correspond closely with the progress of the Martial seasons. Then, as we have seen, the existence of aqueous vapour in the Martial atmosphere has been established, so that we cannot doubt that water exists on Mars in large quantities. And, lastly, clouds,

covering extensive regions, have been observed to melt away with the progress of the Martial day, exactly as the morning mists are dissipated by the heat of one of our summer days. The words applied by Brewster to long past ages of the earth's history will at once suggest themselves as applicable to the planet Mars. If, indeed, this orb be uninhabited, then it exhibits to us physical relations "fulfilling no purpose that human reason can conceive; lamps lighting nothing; waters quenching nothing; clouds screening nothing; breezes fanning nothing; and everything around, mountain and valley, hill and dale, earth and ocean, all meaning nothing."

But perhaps the most important of all Whewell's mistakes was his assumption that the climate of each planet must necessarily correspond with the planet's distance from the sun. He argued that Mercury and Venus must be as unfit for habitation, through excessive heat, as Jupiter and Saturn through excessive cold. He drew, in particular, a dismal picture of the climatic relations presented by the giant planet Jupiter, an orb which exceeds our earth more than thirteen hundred times in volume, and outweighs all the other planets, taken together, more than twofold. A dismal mass of snow and ice, clothed in perpetual fog, with perhaps a cindery nucleus, — such was his picture of that magnificent orb, the centre of a system whose motions have formed for three centuries a subject of study and contemplation for astronomers.

The labours of Professor Tyndall and his compeers have shown that it is quite impossible to judge what a planet's climate may be from the mere consideration of the planet's distance from the sun. The extent and quality of the atmospheric envelope around a planet exercise fully as important an influence on the planet's climate. The sun's heat may either be retained or radiated away as fast as it is received. If a planet has an atmosphere which is always loaded with aqueous vapour, the heat poured on the planet passes freely through this vapour to the planet's surface; but it does not pass freely away again; it is retained and stored up precisely as in a glass-house. But dry air has not this power; the reflected heat passes as freely through it as the heat directly received from the sun. There are vapours and gases which have yet more power than aqueous vapour in preventing the escape of heat. Amongst these are the gases emitted from flowers; and Tyndall estimates that "a layer of air two inches in thickness, and saturated with the vapour of sulphuric ether, would offer

very little resistance to the passage of the solar rays, but would cut off" more than one-third of the rays which would otherwise pass away as soon as received. "It would require no inordinate thickening of the layer of vapour," he adds, "to double this absorption; and it is perfectly evident that, with a protecting envelope of this kind, permitting the heat to enter, but preventing its escape, a comfortable temperature might be obtained on the surface of our most distant planet." When we remember, on the other hand, that during the full heat of the tropical summer the lofty slopes of the Himalayas and the Andes remain covered with snow, we see how largely a diminution in the extent of a planet's atmosphere may diminish the effect of the sun's heat. And precisely as our countrymen in India find in the Himalayas the climatic relations of the temperate zones, so the inhabitants of Venus and Mercury may enjoy a climate as genial as that of our own earth.

We know so little of the planet Mercury that it would be idle to discuss at length the physical relations presented by this small globe. The same remark may be made respecting the distant planets Uranus and Neptune. No telescopes have sufficed to supply any positive information respecting the surface-contour and other physical relations of these important members of the solar system. We shall, therefore, confine the remarks we have to make respecting the habitability of planets to the four orbs, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

If we were to accept Whewell's method of reasoning, and assume that where any one of the principal physical relations presented by our earth is wanting, a planet is not habitable by beings resembling those subsisting on the earth, we should be compelled to pronounce at once against the habitability of the above-named planets. For it happens that although all these relations subsist severally in one or other of these planets, they do not subsist collectively in any one of them. In Venus we find the following features wherein the planet resembles our own earth. In volume Venus and the earth are nearly equal. They differ little in density; and the attraction of gravity is appreciably the same at the surface of either. The day of Venus is but a few minutes shorter than our day. Her year consists of only two hundred and twenty-five days; but this is a comparatively unimportant point. We have seen, also, that the effects of her proximity to the sun may be counteracted by a suitable diminution in the extent of her atmospheric envelope. So far, then, there is little which need render

Venus a habitation unsuited to the wants of man. But, if the observations of the few astronomers who have attended to the point may be trusted, there is one feature of the habitudes of Venus which must cause a marked difference in all her physical relations from those which prevail on earth. It is estimated that her axis is bowed more than three times as much to the plane of the ecliptic as that of the earth. Thus her tropics extend nearly to her poles, and her arctic regions nearly to her equator. An inhabitant of Venus must have but a poor choice of climates if his requirements resemble those of the inhabitants of earth. If he lives near the equator, he has, during spring, a climate resembling our hottest equatorial weather; but, at the seasons corresponding to winter and summer, the sun scarcely rises fifteen degrees above the horizon. If he lives near the poles, he has to endure an intensity of heat in summer such as we can form but a faint conception of; for the sun will appear to circle round the zenith without setting for weeks together. On the other hand, he has to endure in winter a cold far more excessive than that of our bitterest arctic winters; for not only is there perpetual night around him, but the sun never approaches his horizon, revolving always close around that point which is immediately beneath his feet. Lastly, if he lived in either of the wide zones, comprising more than half of the planet's surface, — which are at once tropical and arctic, he would suffer, within the short year of two hundred and twenty-five days, all the vicissitudes of the extremest terrestrial climates.

Thus it appears that, except near the equator, none of the races of men could exist on Venus. For although there are men who live and thrive under the influence of our fiercest tropical heats, and others who endure without injury the bitter cold of arctic winters, yet, certainly, there are no races of men, and but few individual men, who could long survive the rapid alternation of these extremes.

It must be mentioned, however, that many astronomers are very doubtful whether the axis of Venus is really situated in so remarkable a manner. Venus is a planet very difficult to observe satisfactorily; and we must be prepared to look with extreme diffidence on all observations which deal with so difficult a matter as the determination of the planet's polar position. Modern observers of the highest repute, — such astronomers as Hind, Sir J. Herschel, Dawes, and others, — have expressed the opinion that the old astronomers were mistaken in many of their supposed discover-

ies respecting Venus. And certainly, if the exquisite instruments of the present day, in the hands of practised observers, fail, — as they have hitherto done, — to afford any evidence confirming the old estimate of the planet's position, we may assume that this element can no longer be looked upon as determined.

We know more of the planet Mars than of any other member of the solar system. He does not, indeed, approach us quite so nearly as the planet Venus, but he is seen under much more favourable circumstances. Venus at her nearest approach presents her darkened hemisphere towards us; and at all times, as already mentioned, the peculiar brilliancy of her light renders her a very difficult object of observation. With Mars it is otherwise. He not only turns a fully illuminated disc towards us when he is nearest, but he alone, of all the planets, has an atmosphere so constituted that we can examine his real surface. We have already seen in how many respects the physical relations of this planet resemble those of our own earth. There are other points of resemblance, however. The inclination of his axis differs little from that of the earth's axis, inasmuch that his seasons closely resemble those of the earth in character. His day is about forty minutes longer than our own. His year, however, is different, being nearly twice as long as ours. One can hardly imagine that vegetation on Mars can resemble terrestrial vegetation when his seasons exceed ours so much in length.

But, perhaps, the point in which the physical relations of Mars differ most markedly from those of our own earth, is the nature of gravitation at his surface. Mars is a much smaller planet than the earth; and as his density differs very little from that of the earth, it follows that gravitation at his surface is much less than at the earth's. A man who weighs ten stone on our earth would weigh less than four on Mars; and our Bantings and Lamberts would be light active fellows, seven or eight stone or so in weight. All substances would be similarly reduced in weight. Martial gold would be no heavier than terrestrial tin, Martial oak than terrestrial cork, and so on. Whewell, in his *Bridgewater Treatise on Astronomy*, is disposed to attach great importance to the exact relation which subsists between the force of gravity and the motions of vegetable juices. If this view is correct, it is certain that none of our plants could thrive on the soil of Mars. However, we think that those who appreciate the power by which nature adapt the various races of plants

and animals to the soils on which they subsist will be unwilling to see anything in the habitudes of Mars to render that planet uninhabitable by races resembling, — though not actually identical with, — those which subsist on the earth.

The chief arguments for the habitability of Jupiter are founded on his enormous magnitude, and the magnificence of the system which circles around him. It seems difficult to imagine that so grand an orb has been created for no special purpose, and it is equally difficult to conceive what purpose Jupiter can be said to fulfill unless he is the abode of living creatures. He is, indeed, an object of wonder and admiration to our astronomers; but the mind must be singularly constituted which can accept the view that Jupiter was constructed for no other end. When every object around us suffices to exhibit the omnipotence of the Creator, we require no such evidence as is afforded by a globe exceeding the earth 1,300 times and more in volume. The light afforded to us by Jupiter is so insignificant, also, that we cannot suppose him to have been created for no other purpose than to supply it. His influence in swaying the planetary motions is important, and he also appears to have a noteworthy influence on the sun's atmosphere; but neither influence seems necessary to the well-being of the inhabitants of earth. Thus we appear forced to concede that Jupiter has been constructed to be the abode of living creatures, — unless we suppose that his function is to sway the motions of his satellites, and that these satellites are inhabited. Without deciding between these two views, we proceed to point out those points in which the physical relations exhibited by Jupiter differ most markedly from those of our own earth.

The enormous volume of Jupiter is in part counteracted, — so far as its influence on the inhabitants of Jupiter is concerned, — by the small density of the planet, inasmuch that the attraction of gravity at his surface is not so much greater than terrestrial gravity as might be supposed. Yet it exceeds the latter more than twofold; so that the weight of an inhabitant of our earth would be increased in about the same proportion if he were removed to Jupiter as it would be diminished if he were removed to Mars. The lightest men on our earth would find themselves as unwieldy as our Lamberts and Bantings if they were placed on Jupiter's surface. We are compelled to recognise in this circumstance a peculiarity which would render Jupiter unfit for beings constituted ex-

actly like the inhabitants of earth; but modifications not much more marked than those which distinguish the various species of the same genera on earth would be sufficient to enable terrestrial races to endure, without discomfort or inconvenience, the powerful gravitation experienced by the inhabitants of Jupiter.

The day of Jupiter is less than ours in the proportion of about two to five, while his year contains nearly twelve of ours. His axis is so nearly perpendicular to his orbit that there are no appreciable seasons on his surface. This circumstance has been pointed out by some astronomers as a convenient offset against the effects of his enormous distance from the sun. But it will not do to dwell too strongly on this point, since we find no such arrangement in planets which are yet further removed. The small density of Jupiter's substance led Whewell to pronounce the planet to be a fluid mass; and Brewster was at some pains to deal with the peculiarity. He endeavoured to show that Jupiter might be formed of solid substances, because there are such substances on earth of even less specific gravity than Jupiter's. However, the possibility that Jupiter's sphere may be hollow, so that the density of the substances actually composing his mass may be much greater than his mean density, is sufficient to remove any objection to the habitability of the planet founded on this peculiarity alone.

In many respects the physical relations of the planet Saturn correspond closely with those of Jupiter. There are, however, two points of difference. In the first place, gravitation at his surface is far less than at Jupiter's, and differs so little from terrestrial gravitation that we may look on this relation as one with respect to which Saturn is perfectly well fitted to support terrestrial races. On the other hand, the influence of the Saturnian ring-system would be so unfavourable to most terrestrial races, that one can hardly suppose but that Saturnian races are constituted very differently from those which subsist on our earth. It results from a careful examination of the effects of the two gigantic rings which surround Saturn that the sun is totally eclipsed by them for years together in the temperate and sub-tropical zones of Saturn; and that in Saturnian latitude corresponding to that of Madrid the total eclipse lasts for more than eight years.

It appears to us that a careful consideration of all the evidence must lead to two conclusions: — First, there is an obvious adaptation of the physical constitution of the

planets we have been considering to fit them to be the abodes of living creatures; and secondly, there are obvious reasons for doubting whether these living creatures can very closely resemble terrestrial races.

¶ To some minds it may appear that to discuss the fitness of the planets to be the abode of living creatures different from those which subsist on the earth is altogether beside the question we are dealing with. The habitability of the planets, many argue, means their fitness to support terrestrial forms of life. But this view appears to us a mistaken one. If indeed it can be shown, that, in any planet, not one of the physical relations subsists which we hold to be essential to the existence of terrestrial races, then indeed it seems idle to speculate upon the general question of the habitability of that planet. For instance, when we consider the case of the moon,—without air or water, subjected to a scorching heat during its long day of half a month, and to a corresponding intensity of cold during its equally long night, and that it is in other important respects utterly unfit for habitation by terrestrial races,—we seem little encouraged to discuss how far the moon may be fitted to support other forms of life, since nothing in our experience enables us to conceive what forms of life could possibly exist in so sterile an abode. But when we find in certain planets an obvious provision made for the support of forms of life corresponding to the forms existing on the earth, we seem to be justified in recognising and discussing the habitability of these bodies.

And this leads us, in conclusion, to point out a mistake which is commonly made in the application of that argument from the analogy of our own earth, which those who believe in the habitability of other worlds justly use. We cannot reason from the fact of the earth's habitability to the habitability of the other planets. We might as reasonably argue from the presumed unfitness of the moon for habitation that the other celestial bodies are also uninhabited. But we can derive a powerful argument from the analogy of our planet when we consider the economy of life upon its surface. When we see the scorched regions of the tropics and the solid ice within the arctic circle freely supporting terrestrial races, while not only the continents, but the depths of ocean and the realms of air are crowded with living creatures; when we find that in long past ages, during which different physical relations from the present have subsisted, the same abundance of life has existed on the earth's surface, we may fairly assume that

the planets which present so many physical relations resembling those of our earth are not untenanted by living creatures.

From The Saturday Review.

DEAN MILMAN.

To say that Dean Milman was no common man would be only to say what is true of any voluminous writer, especially if that writer has employed himself in many branches of literature. The phrase would be applicable, indeed, to one who has attained to a distinguished position in his profession, whatever that calling may be, and even to one whose name is familiar to the readers of contemporary biography, newspapers, or "Men of our Time," and perhaps to the novelist who returns thanks for "English Literature" at public dinners. But what makes Dean Milman especially remarkable is that he epitomizes and sums up and exhausts all that English education, under its highest and best conditions, can do. It may be said that he had every chance. He had; and the lesson of his career is to show that the best conditions of English education and life can produce very much indeed. In that sense he is a representative man, a representative of the highest English culture. And we must say that, if this our culture can produce a tree of this fruitage, of this quantity and quality of fruit, we may be pardoned for thinking that we in England can hold our own when we give our best men every chance, and our culture has its full development.

Henry Hart Milman was born of a family just above the middle ranks. His father, the first baronet, a favourite Royal physician, a man of refinement, with the manners and bearing of a courtier, was likely to give his sons, as he had every chance of procuring for them, a favourable start in English life. The youngest of them was sent to a famous scholar of those days. The Burneys, father and son, of Greenwich had a school of the like of which no private academy of these days gives the least notion. Burney was a scholar of that sound, rich, full-bodied type, when England had scholars. Burney held his own—*tentamen de metris Æschylæis* Burney—with Porson, the great Cambridge scholar, and with Elmsley, the great Oxford scholar. Burney followed on the Bentley school and the Dawes school, and such men as Blomfield, Monk, and Butler of Shrewsbury followed him. "Dr. Burney of Greenwich" was Milman's first schoolmaster. From Burney's care Milman was transferred to

Eton, from Eton to Oxford. At Oxford he took the highest classical honours, became Fellow of Brasenose, got the Newdegate—and a famous Newdegate too, the Apollo Belvedere—got the Latin Verse, got the two Essays, preached the Bampton Lecture, became a University Professor, succeeded to two Crown livings in succession, one of which was endowed with a Westminster prebend, and died Dean of St. Paul's. This is a complete career. It is a perfect cycle, and exhaustive. Milman had every opportunity, and he used every opportunity, and every opportunity carried him to the very first rank. Any one of these incidents of an academical and clerical life would distinguish a man; Milman won all these distinctions.

We have spoken only of his external life, his positions and distinctions and place among men. Now let us see what he did. He was a scholar, a critic, a poet, an historian, a dramatist. Possibly it may be said, and it might be said with truth, that to be really and truly a man of letters, a man must have all these elements of excellence in him, just as Leonardo was poet, painter, sculptor, writer, engineer, and the rest of it. No doubt of it, there ought to be this completeness in an artist, in the highest sense of the term; only we so seldom find the combination. Dean Milman went very far indeed to fulfil it. We do not say that in every work, or that in every branch of creative art, he was the very first name that we know, but he stood in the first rank of all his pursuits. We have said that his prize-poem was the best of its contemporaries. His Bampton Lecture—scarcely one of the newspaper historians of the week remembers it—was rather juvenile, and, if our memory serves us, began in a scenic sort of way with a tableau of the Apostolic company. But all this was characteristic. The richness of Milman's mind flowered early and flowered gorgeously. His line was at the first entirely dramatic. Poetry seemed to be his gift; but it was dramatic poetry. The *Martyr of Antioch* is a beautiful poem; the *Fall of Jerusalem* is a fine drama. *Fazio* is about the one modern tragedy which keeps the stage, which actors appreciate and audiences like. To have done this, and no more than this, would have been to have earned fame. And to appreciate the sort of genius which Milman had, we may say that he lived, as perhaps in a sense we all live, on the confines of two generations and two sets of principles. The great man is he who thankfully uses the past, and finds it to be his work to create in some cases, in others to accommodate

himself to, the new men and new things. This was at any rate what Milman did. He exhausted the old-fashioned solid eighteenth-century literature and principles, which however had made him to be what he was. He has done much to make our nineteenth-century modes of thought. We suppose that he was brought up under Tory traditions, and imbued with courtly and George III. views, as befitted the son of George III.'s physician. But he became the friend of Lord Lansdowne and the Russells and the Holland House people, and his chosen friendships were with Cornwall Lewis and Bunsen, and with all that was liberal and advancing. He was an Oxford Professor and a Bampton Lecturer on the one hand, and on the other the critical school claim him as their English pioneer. It seems that he used the post and the place he had, upon which to build; he was not so much on the look-out for innovation, but he rather took in daylight from every quarter where he could open a new window, or tear down a blocked-up and ancient obstacle to the sun and air of heaven. He was a Quarterly Reviewer all his life, a pillar of the house of Murray. But he seasoned the great Tory organ with strange salt, and led Tories and Churchmen and Oxford into new and strange lands. We are old enough to remember him lecturing, as Poetry Professor at Oxford, on the Sakontala and Sanscrit poetry. But all this time Milman, the poet and dramatist, was only settling down, finding out himself—unconsciously, perhaps, acquiring materials, principles, and growth. Keats somewhere says of a tree that in a dreary-nighted December it does not remember its green summer felicity. If this be true—and neither we nor Keats know much about a tree's consciousness or unconsciousness—we may add to it, that a man never forecasts his own complete future. A sort of accident seems to have directed Milman to his real *métier*—to that career which stamps him one of our great men, which has established his European reputation, and which has produced works that belong to standard English literature. We have said that he was a pillar of the house of Murray. Hitherto he had been a successful man at Oxford, a more than usually successful poet—though somewhat damped out by the growing reputation of the Wordsworth, shortly to be expanded into the Tennyson, school—a prolific and diligent reviewer, a first-rate playwright. Still, all this was excellence, but not pre-eminence. His poetry was good, but not immortal. Indeed, the author of "*Belshazzar*" and "*Samor*" may be said to

have written unreadable if respectable poems. The sappy growth of Milman's mind was destined to harden into the toughest fibre.

An apparent accident brought out the real greatness and true genius of Milman. It happened that old John Murray started a series, the *Family Library*, on a very discursive plan, which was indeed no plan at all. To Milman was committed the *History of the Jews*; a safe domestic padding manual was probably intended. What appeared astonished the world, and probably the writer too. He had read a good deal, and his learning forced itself from him. And he had thought a good deal, and what he thought he said. The *History of the Jews* was thought to be unscriptural, and very likely Milman had read the Père Simon and Astruc, and certainly Niebuhr, and probably a vast heap of unconnected and contradictory German speculation on the Bible. He had read books of this sort, but certainly not to follow them. But they had developed the critical faculty in Milman, and he made no allowance for the fact that he was twenty years ahead of his English readers. To call Milman's *History of the Jews* a rationalistic book is to show that you have never read it. Its chief offence was in calling Abraham a Sheikh or an Emir. But Murray's shop did more for Milman than instigating this good but not very first-rate book. Murray wanted a new edition of Gibbon, and Milman undertook to edit and annotate it. Reading Gibbon, the editor read over Gibbon's authorities. He saw Gibbon's excellences and faults, his beauties, his learning, and his literary profligacy. Milman felt that he too had the historian's temper and gifts and acquirements. He became an historian, and to those who know his *History of Christianity* and his *History of Latin Christianity*—the *Times* reviewer speaks of only one of these works, and knows so much about it as to compare it with Dr. Burton—eulogy is impertinent. To those who know nothing about them we cannot in this place give an account of these gigantic works. Only an historian, or one given to historical studies, can understand what these books mean. There is one English writer utterly, we believe, unknown—Mr. Greenwood, the author of the *Cathedra Petri*—who in our times has trodden the same path, but with a distant and faltering or rather lumbering step. To have gone through such studies as Milman has in these great, and, we believe, immortal works mastered, to compare evidences, to reconcile contradictions,

to resolve doubts, to hold an even balance, to detect prejudice, and further, to suspect prejudice at every step—this is what the historian has to do. What he writes is only the merest instalment of what he has gone through in order to write, not so much, but so little. Milman is an historian with, as we have said, an historian's temper; and that temper ought to be critical, or a man is not an historian. The really important thing about Milman's great historical works is their impartiality. He is not himself, in habit of mind or thought, disposed to the thaumaturgic view of facts. But he makes allowance for it, accepts it, reasons on it calmly and without ill temper. He never laughs nor sneers. When forced into contemptuousness, he is pitiful; when scornful, he is not insolent. And if he is a critic, he shows his critical honesty by impugning not only views opposed to his own, but the views of those with whom he might be supposed to sympathize. He dissents from and ably criticizes Strauss; he dissents from Ewald; he dissents from and despises the Tübingen school; he dissents from Bunsen, and reminds him that to make bricks wholly of straw is perhaps a worse fate for an historian than to have to make them only of mud. Dr. Colenso he does not condescend to mention by name, but his notice of the speculations of "a recent writer" who assigned the Pentateuch to Samuel is not likely to be forgotten.

But all this is scholar's work. Milman has gained a hold on English households, as well as taken his place with Gibbon, Grote, Thirlwall, and Palgrave. He was a deeply religious man. With no sympathies whatever with, and perhaps some impatience, and it may be scorn of, some religious schools among us, the author of those familiar hymns, "When our heads are bowed with woe," "Bound upon the accursed tree," and "Ride on, ride on in Majesty," and the more subjective composition "Brother, thou art gone before us" (from the *Martyr of Antioch*), has established a household name and has secured popular love. And it must be remembered that Milman was among the first to create this taste. Our hymnographers are now many. Every Church and every congregation sings hymns. But it was Milman—we are not forgetting either Heber or Keble—who was one of the first to cast an early seed on those fields which Trench and Neale, and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, have so fully cultivated. We say nothing of the graceful contributions to pure scholarship with which Milman has enriched our literature—his Horace, an *édition de luxe*,

his translation from the Agamemnon and the Bacchæ, and his various scattered classical prolusions. These are valued by a certain class of scholars — a class, we fear, rapidly diminishing from us.

Having had so much to say of the author, we have left ourselves little space to say anything, or at least we must now say much too little, of the man. A scholar does not much affect miscellaneous gatherings, but when the late Dean did go into society he adorned it by rare personal accomplishments. He was one of the very best talkers of his age. First-rate talkers are very rare; but Milman's amazing memory, his stores of erudition and learning on the one hand, and of anecdote and personal recollection on the other, made him first among the first *causeurs*. And he was a just and honest talker. He appreciated other people's good things while he was profuse with his own. The vice of professed conversationalists is not so much their vanity as their selfishness. To these paltry feelings the Dean of St. Paul's was a perfect stranger. He could certainly afford from his superiority to be just, and it was not in him to be jealous. He was in all these social relations a genial and popular man, and in his own family the most loveable of human creatures. For a certain sort of popularity he had no gifts. He was no speaker; he had not the very least of platform tastes; with a superb scorn he disdained the arts which win fame at public meetings, and in a certain sense he was not a good preacher. He was too refined, too much habituated to limitations, too sensitive and too careful, to be able to fling out those broad statements which must be hazarded by the popular preacher. But in a certain sort of preaching he was first-rate. His *éloge* on the Duke of Wellington — we doubt whether it is published

— struck us, as we were fortunate enough to hear it, as equal to the best of the French models of pulpit eloquence.

If these elements do not form the substance of immortality, such would be hard to find in human nature and human life. To complete and round this career it only remains to add that Dean Milman's life was crowned with an euthanasia. He had all that life could give, and he had contributed largely to the instruction of mankind, and to the good of the Church; not in one direction only, for it must not be forgotten that the scheme for the completion and decoration of St. Paul's, which is sure some day or other to be completed, is owing to his septuagenarian zeal and activity. He died in the ripeness of his age, in the mature perfection and complete retention of his faculties, with few of the sufferings of mortality. He often used, in a strange pathetic way, to deprecate that life in death, or rather death in life, which results from paralysis; and in his sermon on Wellington's funeral he said how merciful was the dispensation granted to the Great Duke that he had been spared that terrible end which Johnson, because he so dreaded it, so wonderfully painted: —

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
flow,

And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

Though struck down by paralysis, he died calmly and peacefully, without experiencing the terrible consequences of paralysis. And so Dean Milman has gone to his rest, a complete and noble man. In the words of the anthem which on Thursday was sung over all that is mortal of him — and why was not one of his own hymns sung over his grave? — His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore!

THE TOWN library of Brunswick, says the *Leader*, "has just acquired 40,000 play-bills, bequeathed to it by Major Hausler, who died in 1865, and who had expended during a long life a vast amount of time and money in collecting these programmes."

THE richest Chinese library in the world is now in St. Petersburg. It consists of 11,607 volumes, with a number of wood-engravings and MSS. It has been collected by the Russian Consul-General in Peking, who is now anxious to

sell it to some institution. Singularly enough, no institution seems anxious to respond; so that there still remains a chance for any English bibliomaniac who wishes to enter the market. Perhaps the Marquis of Bute has leanings that way.

A COMMISSION has been appointed by Government to inspect the most celebrated oyster-fisheries on the coasts of France and England, with a view to the establishment and encouragement of the best system of oyster-culture on the Irish coasts.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DREAMER AWAKENED.

A ROOM with a solitary tenant — a woman — who is watching and waiting (this is no uncommon picture, that attention should be drawn to it, nor does the woman watch and wait with any uncommon purpose). The room is a large chamber on the fourth story of a house in Paris, in a street not distinguished indeed, but respectable, and close to some of the finest and noblest architectural monuments of that city, which, however changed, however decorated, is always the most solemn, and terrible, and ominous of all the theatres in which any scenes in the drama of human history have yet been played out. Scrupulously clean and neat, and not without some attempt at inexpensive, simple, and tasteful decoration, this room has the true foreign look: the curtains are of a poor fabric, and scanty, but there is a profusion of border to them; and though the chairs are few and heavy, they abound in gilt nails. The high mantelpiece is of heavy, dull gray marble, and two uncompromising consoles of an identical material, with very massive legs, and long narrow mirrors which stretch gauntly upwards to the ceiling, look like accessories of a very spacious waiting-room in some public building which had drifted into a private dwelling by mistake. The inevitable French clock is placed in the centre of the gray-marble chimneypiece; the invariable meagre fire-irons stand within the embrace of that never-absent iron semi-circle which is so unnecessarily large for the purpose; and a spare and pinched fire of logs of wood burns dimly — in the melancholy, soundless, white-ash-yielding fashion peculiar to wood-fires into whose management economy enters — on the wide hearth. The floor is polished, and there is no carpet except in front of the chimney, where a soft rug takes somewhat from the bareness of the room. Candelabra of a cheap fabric and gaudy design stand on either end of the tall chimneypiece, and a heavy marble-topped bureau occupies an adjoining recess. The walls are covered with a paper of striped pattern, chocolate-colour and white, such as one never sees except in old French houses; and this artistic object has also been applied to the supplementary doors by which the room communicates with two others, which form the modest 'apartment.'

Before the bureau, which is open, and strewn with papers, the woman who — though she takes one of them up occasionally and looks listlessly at it before she lays it aside in one of the drawers belonging to

a complicated system of those conveniences at the top of the desk — is evidently watching and waiting, sits. She has been sitting there for a long time, while the afternoon hours of the cold and cheerless autumnal day have been wearing themselves away. Her servant, a brisk, neat, orderly Parisienne, of the better order of the *bas peuple*, to whom herself and her speech are almost equally incomprehensible, has entered the room more than once, but failed to attract her attention beyond the brief answer to the question invented for the nonce. Still she sits at the bureau, idly lifting the papers with a small, thin, listless hand — white and delicate indeed, but with a wasted look, though she is very young — and a languid touch which, to a keen observer, would be still more significant.

The light — striking the windows which face the street, a narrow and comparatively quiet one, obliquely — is fading, but the pale gleam of the sun touches gently the drooping head of the woman. Such a fair, delicately-shaped head, with a timid girlish expression, even without the confirmation of the face, which is more beautiful than ever, more beautiful than when it formed the contrast which Hugh Gaynor remembered so tenderly, so regretfully, with that other face, radiant in its fresh beauty. The golden hair has a soft rich gleam as the fading light touches it in farewell, and the fair cheek catches from it a slight passing flush. Youth and beauty are still Alice's proud, incomparable possessions; but a shadow has fallen upon her youth, a change has come over her beauty. It is as delicate, as rare, as flower-like, as 'romantic,' as the phrase is, as ever — but it is changed. The deep, solemn, pure blue eyes, which had often looked sad in the old days, look more than sad — look as if no visions of grandeur and beauty, of majesty and might and sanctity, pass before them now. The peaceful, calm repose, the serenity of thought which once peculiarly characterised her face, are no longer there. There is trouble, there is unrest in her blue eyes, though they are brighter and larger than ever, and the wistful gaze of 'fretting' has taken the place of the contemplative aspect which had made her, even as a child, remarkable. The rich red lips are still rich and red, but there is a compression about the mouth, a faint line extending to the delicate, still rounded cheek, which time has not set there, which has been prematurely dealt out to her by a harsher hand. Her figure is slighter, and less upright than in her girlhood, and her sombre dress, neat, and carefully put on, but with no coquetties

of adornment borrowed from the prolific soil of the land in which she dwells, adds to the effect of sadness which pervades the picture formed by the dull, decorous, unattractive room and its tenant.

Sometimes many minutes elapse after she puts away one of the scattered papers before she takes up another, and in such intervals her eyes turn wearily to the clock upon the chimney-piece, and her hands rest, clasped, upon the desk. When it is nearly dark the brisk servant comes in and makes preparations for that meal which never ceased to be an incomprehensible and repulsive mystery to her — tea à l'Anglaise. At first, when she found that her mistress was accustomed to drink that peculiar infusion every evening, she concluded that Madame must be a chronic invalid; for of tea, except as a medicine, who had ever heard? Obligated, by observation, to abandon that hypothesis, Honorine contented herself with reflecting that the ways of *ces Anglaises* never could be fathomed by civilised French minds, and relegated the tea-drinking, and Alice's custom of preparing that beverage on what Honorine held to be a frightfully and unpardonably wasteful scale, to the category of poor Alice's *manies*. This included her preference for dark colours, her indifference to all public amusements, her abstinence from every kind of 'promenade'; her extraordinary love of the churches, notwithstanding that she went to a *pasteur* on Sundays; her apparent unconsciousness of her beauty, which Honorine had sufficient taste to appreciate, though she regarded it as wantonly injured by the lack of *un peu de toilette*; her ridiculous solicitude about Monsieur; her nonconformity to the received methods of consolation in cases of marital neglect; her general prudishness, mopishness, and *exaltation*.

That Madame should go to the churches on fête-days, Honorine could understand; she, who seldom went on other occasions, liked to go then; the spectacle was so fine, the toilettes were so ravishing, and the music, when it was really *fête*, not too solemn, you know, was charming. But Madame did not seem to mind these attractions, but would go out early in the morning, or late in the evening, accompanied by Honorine, and would make her leave her in some church, generally one of the ancient shrines of Paris, bidding her come again for her in an hour or two, or even three. At first Honorine, true Parisian as she was, was a little suspicious of these visits, opining that they might not be entirely harmless and solitary; but she was soon disarmed. Madame was indubitably *honnête*; but wheth-

er Honorine regarded that 'honesty' as virtue or *niaiserie*, would be a nice question. Alice had grown bolder now, or more indifferent; at all events, she went out and came home alone. One day when she was looking very sad, and when Monsieur had been more persistently away from home than usual, and more *difficile* when he did make his appearance, Honorine asked Alice why she did not *secourir* herself a little, try some *distraktion*, rather than go to the church — it was St. Etienne du Mont on this occasion — which would be more *triste* than usual, because a funeral was going on. The *mort* was rich, too, and the funeral might have been quite charming, but, *mon Dieu!* he was *aware*, and all the family were *nigauds*, and, what could one say? it would be a little funeral of nothing, truly of nothing! Madame had better stay at home, if she would not go out to some place where she might *égayer* herself a little. The woman's real solicitude, however oddly expressed, touched Alice in her loneliness; and she told her then, as fully as the difficulty of speaking French permitted, why she liked so much, when she was either glad or sorry, to go and sit in a church and think about it.

'When I was a girl,' she said, 'and lived in England, my home was close to a beautiful old church, and I loved it. All my happy idle time I passed in it, under the coloured light of the beautiful windows, or in the shade of the old walls, near the quiet graves. My mother died when I was young, not long ago, before I was married; and she was buried in a grave just under the wall, and close to the tree where I used to sit when I was a child, and long after. I have no relative in the world, and no friend, with the exception of Monsieur,' (Honorine's intelligent countenance conveyed an intimation, more candid than respectful, of the value at which she estimated this exception); 'and when I want to have a feeling a little like home, and to persuade myself my mother is not so very far away from me, I can do so by going into some grave old church, where the stones and the windows look like those at home, and where I know for certain many sorrowful people have been before me, and will be there when I shall be gone away.'

Honorine understood Madame's feelings, though she was occasionally puzzled by her French, in her quick, appreciative way, and was sorry for her, chiefly because she required consolation; and secondarily, because she had such very odd and lugubrious notions of procuring it (the *guinguette* would have been more in Honorine's line

than the graveyard); but she was a little sorry for Monsieur, too, for he was, all said, a *beau garçon*, and who should say that Madame was not just a little *ennuyée*? Certainly not Honorine, who had a clear, though good-natured, conviction on that point. So, on the autumnal evening when this narrative returns to Alice, Honorine, bringing her tea to her mistress, was full of provoked pity, as she saw how the shadow that had lain heavily enough upon the fair youthful face in the morning, had deepened and darkened as the day wore on.

Honorine supposed, with a tolerable assumption of indifference, that Madame would take her tea now, and not wait longer for Monsieur; and then proceeded to exclude the fast-coming darkness, and to light up the room. Alice rose from the bureau and seated herself beside the table, and Honorine, as she moved about, talked briskly and pleasantly, with that ease of manner and yet entire absence of disrespect, which is so puzzling to the British mind, so foreign to British manners. Alice listened, not very attentively, yet beguiled involuntarily from her own thoughts, and her face became a little brighter. A faint smile was on her lips, when a step on the winding staircase outside, a step that came along the corridor, caught her ear, and Honorine vanished as Henry Hurst entered the room. There was timidity as well as gladness in the glance which accompanied Alice's greeting of her husband; there was something nervous and painful in her manner, which would have been rightly interpreted by an observer to mean that this longed-for, watched-for presence did not invariably bring her happiness. It was a searching look, though momentary, and it meant, 'What sort of mood is he in? What have I to expect?' Apparently nothing unpleasant on this occasion, for Henry Hurst addressed her with careless kindness, asked whether she had been out during the day, and took a cup of tea from her hand with a smile; all which trifles lightened Alice's heart, and raised her spirits with a strange disproportion to their importance, that only those who know the full meaning of a tyrannical temper, and its all-pervading, never-relaxed power, could understand.

'Not out at all,' he said, 'and the afternoon so fine?'

'You did not come to take me,' Alice answered timidly; 'and I did not care to go alone.'

'No, I had not time. I have been working hard, I can tell you; and shall have to work harder to get those views done, for I have taken a new commission to-day.'

Again she glanced at him, but did not speak. He rose and approached the fire, remarked that it was a 'wretched' one, placed some fresh wood upon it and finally threw himself upon an impracticable-looking sofa.

'You take a lively interest in my work, certainly, Alice; and considering that it is your concern as well as mine, you might show a little more anxiety, I think.'

She looked up, her cheek flushed, and she said hurriedly, 'I—I did not know whether I might ask you any questions. Sometimes you seem to dislike my doing so.'

'Yes,' he replied, with an impatient sneer, 'when you ask me silly, pestering, romantic questions, which show you know nothing at all about the matter. But this is a different thing, or I should not have said anything about it.'

'What is it?' she asked him earnestly.

'Just this. You know, or perhaps you don't—for you take so little interest in anything, that I can find out, that you may know nothing about it—that everything English is the fashion here just now. These people do nothing in moderation, and so the fashion has become a mania, and has spread to us—the working-artist world. Nothing will serve the turn of the great ladies and gentlemen here,—who could not learn the English language to save their lives, and who regard crossing the Channel as synonymous with seriously risking them,—but they must have "views" to enable them to understand the English *vie de château*.'

'What is that?' asked Alice.

'You may well ask—and ask me,' returned her husband with a dark look; 'I know nothing about it. It's very pleasant, I suppose; any life in which there is plenty of money and society, and the consciousness of being above the common herd, and having a name and a place of one's own in the world, must be pleasant. At all events, it implies fine houses and picturesque grounds, and so on; we have seen that sort of thing, you know—the outside of it, at least.'

'O yes,' she said. 'Stoneleigh, and Whitley, and—'

'There, don't go through the catalogue of the little bit of Warwickshire which comprises your notion of the world. You understand the thing, and that's enough. Well, these "views" are to be done for Signier, at a great expense; he is going to bring them out on quite an unprecedented scale, and Delacroix has got the commission for the drawings, and has given me the best part of the job.'

'That is good news,' said Alice. 'And, Henry'—she drew near to him as she spoke, and seated herself at the foot of the sofa—'when must you do this? I suppose—I hope—it means our going back to England?'

'Of course it does,' said Henry Hurst. 'I must find some place for you to stay at while I am travelling about. I rather like the notion of a roving commission of the sort.'

'Will you not take me with you?' said Alice. 'I should be so lonely. You would not like me to return to Coventry, and there is no other place where I know anyone.'

'No, I certainly should not let you go back to Coventry. We have done with all that sort of thing for ever, and I will run no risks of its renewal. As to my taking you about with me, what a silly girl you must be even to think of such a thing! Fancy an artist *en voyage* with his wife at his heels!'

He was refusing her request, but he was doing so with more good-humour than was customary with him, and she took courage to urge it.

'I don't understand why you might not take me with you, Henry,' she said. 'I suppose you will have to live at the village inns in all the places where you will go; and at the more important places, where you must stay some time, surely you will take lodgings. Might I not as well be with you, even as a question of expense? And,—she hesitated, and looked shyly at him, with such a pretty look—'you are not so tired of me that you would rather be without me?'

'No, indeed I am not,' he answered, with such unusual heartiness that it brought the bright colour to her cheek, and the old smile to her lip. 'I am not; but I don't exactly see how taking you about with me is to be done. Much depends on the places I shall have to go to; and I don't know much about that myself, as yet. We must see about the rest when we get to England. The chief thing at present is to make all our arrangements here.'

'When must we leave Paris?'

'I have undertaken to be off in a fortnight,' said Henry Hurst. 'I suppose you will find no difficulty in that?'

'O no,' she answered, with a smile; 'I have but few preparations to make, and no farewells.'

'That is your own fault,' said her husband; 'you are so confoundedly unsocial; you have such old-fashioned, uncomfortable notions; not, indeed, that you and

the women here could ever hit it off together; but you won't *try*; you live alone from choice, and then no doubt charge me with condemning you to solitude.'

'I do not charge you with anything,' replied Alice, in a trembling voice. 'Do not be so hard to me, and so suspicious; I meant nothing by what I said but an assurance that I could be ready whenever you wished me to do so.'

'Yes, yes; I know,' and Henry Hurst shrugged his shoulders almost as naturally as a Frenchman, 'the patient Grizel line! But I want to talk to you about our affairs, and so I wish you would just drop it for a while; you can be sensible and business-like enough when you like, Alice; do pray be so now.'

Henry Hurst did not go out again that evening, and as Alice brought the practical side of her character into action—and he was obliged to acknowledge, when they came to the arrangement of money-matters, that her abilities were not despicable, and made themselves felt very much to his comfort and advantage—she was spared any further exhibition of his mocking, sardonic humour, and was comparatively happy. He told her more of his mind on that evening than she had known for a long time; he assumed a tone that was almost confidential, almost easy, and Alice's simple heart thrilled with unaccustomed hope. Perhaps it was not quite all a mistake; perhaps she had been in error when she had let the deep black despair of many months past take possession of her; when she had felt that all the promise and plan of her life had utterly failed, had been altogether fruitless and wasted, and that she was quite alone; loneliest among the lonely, without the illusion for which she had lived and which had been dispelled, without the dream from which she had awakened; not suddenly, with rude shock and startled nerves, but slowly, with the dull grayness of conviction stealing over her, like the cold dim light of a wintry dawn; and the chill shudder of reviving pain. *Perhaps* it was a mistake; her own impulsiveness, her own ignorance, her own exaggerated expectations, might have been to blame; her still young heart caught once more at the hope which had so often eluded it, and the mere idea of returning to England was delightful to her. There was nothing congenial to her in French life; and she had, as was natural to her rather morbid turn of mind, conceived a great dislike to the place in which she had sustained the defeat, silent but crushing, of her life. If her husband had even announced this good news in a different spirit

she would have been glad; but his softened manner and kinder tone came to her like a good omen, and inspired her again with feelings which she had long ceased to entertain; and the youth that was in her once more asserted itself against sorrow and unnatural despair.

The following day brought such peace and cheerfulness to Alice as she had not known for a period which was long when measured out of her young life. She set about her preparations for departure at once, in a girlish fashion which would have touched the heart of a spectator. The least valuable of her little possessions were those she prized most highly — the few humble mementoes of her mother, the little relics of home, the gifts of her lover in the bygone time when they were very poor, and yet immeasurably rich, — chiefly some sketches of familiar places, and, in particular, the portraits which he had promised her of the trees which she loved. He had made from memory, a sketch of the corner of the old churchyard in which her mother's grave was. The slender ash-tree was there, the daisy-decked grass, the worn buttress which jutted out from the ancient church wall. He had drawn the grave, with the simple railing and the flower-tufts, from her description, and on the vacant space beside it had sketched-in an open book lying on its leaves, as Alice had often left one, — the vacant space where Alice hoped to be laid to rest when her time should be come. She had been used, of late, to feel that she wished it might be soon; she had come to look upon the little picture longingly, as though it were that of her home. Her treasures were not many, and they were all of 'a sad complexion,' such as had gradually spread itself over the young woman's life; she gave them precedence of all the possessions she had to transfer to her unknown English home. Alice did not then attempt to combat her husband's decision that she was not to accompany him on the wandering tour involved in his commission. He was much occupied, and she saw little of him in the interval before their departure; but he was more kind and attentive than usual, less captious, less sneering, less irritable; and Alice's spirits rose. She had a painful task to fulfil in announcing her approaching departure to Honorine, whose fidelity and active usefulness had won much of her regard, and who really liked the *petite dame* who had so unaccountable a taste for solitude, and apparently cultivated *tristesse* as sedulously as people of the grand and gay nation avoided it. Honorine received the intimation with visible concern,

which Alice ascribed to her reluctance to part with her, but which was not altogether due to that feeling. Honorine's concern had a strain of grave anxiety on account of the *petite dame* herself. Honorine did not like her mistress's husband, though she did think Madame might be gayer with advantage, and considered that she decidedly bored him. The acute Frenchwoman had an innate distrust of Henry Hurst, and her thoughts ran in a very disparaging channel, when she had heard all that Alice had to tell her. Honorine summed up the facts very succinctly. Monsieur was going to travel about the country and amuse himself, and Madame was to be settled in some place where it would not cost much to live, and where she would be quite alone, without even her (Honorine), probably in the vicinity only of English people as *triste* as herself. Honorine did not allow anything for the fact that Alice would be in her own country, and might possibly prefer it to France in the abstract — she was too true a Parisian to admit any such hypothesis — but she conceived a frightful suspicion that the *petite dame*, if she did not cease to be *ennuyeuse*, would be, one day, sold in that dreadful Smithfield, familiar to the French imagination as the local habitation of British matrimonial institutions. Monsieur was very tired of Madame, no one could deceive Honorine on that point; hold, then, — it did not matter that he was tired in Paris, where the husbands amuse themselves, and may not sell the wives; but in that *affreuse Angleterre*, where husbands may not amuse themselves, and were consequently unmanageable, and where wives may be sold, that would be quite another thing! Poor little Madame! The lively fancy of Honorine pictured the *marché aux femmes*, and the slender neck of Alice pulling against the rope which British custom invariably exacts on such occasions, with a dismal distinctness, probably referable to some very vivid literature displayed in the adjoining *quartier*. The increased cheerfulness of Alice did not escape Honorine's observation, and she could in no wise reconcile it with her mistress's avowal that she had no relatives or friends whom she expected to see in England. In many ways Alice was a puzzle to Honorine, who had found out before long that there was nothing hidden under her mistress's unchanging aspect of serious simplicity — she and her particular friend, the wife of the *concierge*, had entertained and discussed certain suspicions on that point at first — but she came gradually to be satisfied with the solution afforded by a shrug, and an ejacula-

tion of '*ces Anglaises, mon Dieu!*' and a general reference of their eccentricities to the native fogs. As the time drew near for the departure of Alice, Honorine's solicitude for her increased, and she began to forgive her the 'moping' in which she had undeniably indulged, and which had rendered her so uninteresting in the eyes of the very small number of her husband's associates to whom she was known, that even her beauty had not induced any of them to undertake the task, ordinarily so congenial to a Frenchman, of 'consoling' a wife who laid herself open to the suspicion of not being particularly happy. Honorine would not have had the smallest scruple in assisting Madame to any kind of consolation; and that she did not endeavour to please others, when her gentle womanly efforts to please her husband manifestly met with so little success; was an insularity the more to be added to Honorine's reminiscences of British character.

When only a few days had to elapse before Alice's departure from Paris, her husband told her one morning that he was going to see a friend at a little distance, and would not return until the next day, or possibly not before the third. Her preparations were now nearly completed, the weather was very fine, and she determined to devote the leisure which she could command to visiting for the last time the few places in Paris for which she had any liking. On these expeditions Honorine accompanied her; and though Alice's choice of objects of interest did not altogether commend itself to Honorine's taste, there were people to be seen and *toilettes* to be observed in the picture-galleries, and life was stirring in the streets which they traversed. The Palace of the Luxembourg had an attraction for Alice greater than that of the more modern splendours of Paris, an attraction which somewhat resembled that possessed in former days by the ruined cloisters of St. John. Grand and solemn memories of human strife and suffering, of the unfolding of the drama of history, of the display of power and genius and ambition, of the glory of success and the agony of defeat, lingered about the old walls, and walked with her through the trim and formal garden *allées*. Though she had no friends in Paris, and no sympathy with the gay bright foreign life around her, Alice had studied the history of the city which had been her home for so long; and she liked well, now that she was leaving it, she hoped, for ever, to linger among its memorials. On the second day of Henry Hurst's absence, she passed a portion of the afternoon in the Luxembourg,

and then, turning her steps homewards, lingered, with a picture of the last days of the empire in her mind, to look again at the walls which had enclosed the pageant when it was real. As she stood, with her head thrown back, and her eyes shaded from the slanting rays of the sun by her hand, a gentleman who was passing before her stopped, and exclaimed, 'Alice!'

In a moment she had recognised Hugh Gaynor, and he had caught her hands in both of his, and was eagerly expressing his relief and pleasure in seeing her, to the surprise of Honorine standing by, who was accustomed to regard any exhibition of emotion as out of the 'habitudes' of the British. The first glance, which had enabled her old friend to recognise Alice, had also revealed to him the change which had fallen upon her beauty; and now, though her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and her cheek was flushed with soft rose-colour, the alteration was still striking. There was pleasure, there was delight in her manner, but there was embarrassment also, and Hugh Gaynor recognised that too.

'Why have you never written to me?' he asked. 'Why have you kept me in such ignorance about you? What has befallen you since I saw you last?'

He drew her arm within his and led her to the head of one of the *allées*, Honorine following and wondering who the gray-haired gentleman with the *pasteur*-like air might be. Alice had not yet spoken a word beyond the 'Mr. Gaynor!' by which she had replied to his exclamation on seeing her. It was not a trifling indication of the change which had taken place in her, that she did not now feel, as she had felt before she left Coventry in obedience to Henry Hurst's mandate, that she could tell Hugh Gaynor everything. The pain of feeling that she dared not confide in the long-unseen friend thus strangely brought across her path again was intense; but she did not dare. She did not know that her husband would disapprove of her speaking to Hugh Gaynor; but, on the other hand, she did not know that he would not; and he had inspired her with such dread of his temper — his tyrannical ways had rendered her, naturally timid, submissive, and sensitive as she was, so utterly unaccustomed to independent action of any kind — that she had not courage to act upon the doubt. As Hugh Gaynor questioned her, the colour entirely forsook her cheek, and the expression of her face excited his keenest fears.

'You don't answer me, Alice,' he said. 'Why is this? My child — I hardly dare to say it, it seems so impossible — are you

in trouble of a kind you cannot tell me? Has any deception been practised upon you? What are you doing here? How are you living? Alice, for your mother's sake, do not keep this obstinate silence; tell me, at least, why you left your old home. Can you not tell me that?' His voice was gentle and solemn, and she felt the earnestness of his gaze as his gray head bent over her, and she suddenly clasped her hands before her eyes and burst into tears. Hugh Gaynor looked round, much distressed, and encountered Honorine's keen but not unsympathising glance.

'Madame had better sit down,' she said; 'there is a bench yonder; she is fatigued; she will be better presently.' Hugh Gaynor led Alice to the bench, and seated himself beside her. Honorine stood on the other side. After a few minutes' struggle with her emotion, Alice subdued it, and turning her sweet face to Hugh, she said, with the simple, gentle manner he remembered so well:

'I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you, Mr. Gaynor; how the sight of you brings back all the past to me. I know you must think me ungrateful for going away as I did, without a word, after all your goodness to me, and—and to my mother.' Her voice was barely audible here, and again broke into a sob.

'I did not think you ungrateful, Alice,' said Hugh Gaynor; 'but I was distressed and uneasy about you; and you were so very mysterious. When I returned to Beckthorpe I found that no one could give me any information about you. I thought at once of applying to Henry Hurst, but could not trace him just then, and I have very little hope of doing so now, for I have only two days in Paris, and this is the second of them. It was no chance which threw me in your way to-day, my child.'

'Where are you going?' asked Alice. 'To England?'

The question seemed irrelevant and trivial; but it was not so. Alice had taken a resolution. She would tell her old friend nothing now; she could not venture to tell him anything without her husband's permission; but Henry was to return that evening, and she would tell him of her meeting with Hugh Gaynor;—it might be that he would not object to her giving him her confidence, his temper was as uncertain as it was severe; and then she should see Hugh in the morning and tell him all. Perhaps she might gain strength and wisdom from his counsels; perhaps his coming was to be a new era for her. The habit of hope was forming itself in her mind now, and all this

flashed upon her almost simultaneously with the pang of fear which had prevented her replying to Hugh Gaynor.

'No,' he answered, 'I am going to Rome. I have been very ill again, and the doctors forbid me an English winter. I am travelling with some friends, and shall be in Rome until the spring. But you tell me nothing of yourself, Alice; how is this?' Mindful of the agitation she had displayed, he spoke with less than his former eagerness.

'I cannot tell you anything about myself,' she replied, and the mournful, steady look in her blue eyes lent effect to the startling answer. 'I cannot at present. I am in no distress, and no shame or misfortune has come to me; but I *must* not say more.'

'Why, Alice? What is this? There can be no real or right reason for concealment. You are married, I am sure. This woman—your servant, I presume—calls you madame.'

'Yes,' said Alice; 'so much I may—I must tell you. I am married. There is nothing wrong, nothing disgraceful in the secrecy I am forced to maintain, but only, I hope, for a few hours.'

'Secrecy extending to your husband's name?' asked Hugh Gaynor.

'Yes; secrecy extending even to my husband's name. Do not ask me any more. I will get his permission to tell you all my story, and will come and tell it to you to-morrow.'

'May I not come to you, Alice?'

'No,' she replied, blushing deeply at the refusal she was obliged to utter. 'You must not come to me—not, at least, until I have leave to ask you. Do not doubt me; have no fear for me. I have not much doubt but that I shall be allowed to tell you all; but if I am not, I will not come to you.'

'But you will write? at least, Alice, you will write? I am at the Hôtel Meurice; 70 is my number. You will not forget?'

'No,' she said, 'I will not forget. If I may tell you my story, you will see me to-morrow; but can you remain so long?'

'Yes, I will manage that.'

'If you do not see me or hear from me to-morrow, know that the silence between us must continue. It is just possible that I might not be allowed to write; but I am not afraid of it—I am not, indeed.'

There was acute pain in Hugh Gaynor's breast as he looked at the fair face, and heard the hurried accents of the woman whom he remembered in such serene and tranquil-hearted days.

'Alice,' he said, 'there is one thing at least which you do not need permission to tell me, one thing which you cannot hide from me — you are not happy!'

'I am not very happy,' she replied; 'but we will not talk of that, or of me at all, until to-morrow. Dear Mr. Gaynor, tell me something about yourself.' She turned to Honorine, and asked her to sit beside her, telling her this gentleman had known her since she was a child, and she had much to say to him. It was impossible for Hugh Gaynor to urge her further, and in the short time during which their interview lasted, he told her about his own position, and such particulars as he thought would interest her of her old home at 'the Gift.'

'And the ladies — Mrs. Haviland and her beautiful niece — who came to see us with you,' Alice asked, 'how are they? Is she married?'

'Not married, but engaged to a fine young fellow, whom I like very much,' said Hugh. Alice smiled, almost as brightly as in the old days, and said she was very glad to hear it. Then Hugh told her how he had been staying at Mrs. Haviland's house, and how she and Madeleine had talked of Alice, and how they shared his anxiety to learn her fate; and Alice spoke with girlish vivacity of Madeleine's well-remembered beauty, grace, and elegance, and told Hugh how she had never forgotten her, and had often speculated, in her dreaming way, on whether by any turn of fate, she and Madeleine could ever meet again. As she spoke, another hope sprung up; it was that as they were going to England, if Henry permitted her to reveal herself to Hugh, he might also allow her to be made known to Madeleine, and in her humble way she might be the brilliant young beauty's friend. So quick, so busy is the fancy of the young, that in the renewed trust and happiness of this brief restoration to the presence and influence of her old friend, the timid soul awakened from the one dream so long and vainly cherished, formed another, paler-hued, indeed, and less ambitious, but equally vain. What if there really might be, in the future, some link between her life and that of Madeleine Burdett! Then, she need not shrink so timidly from looking into that future which she had learned to regard with habitual dread.

When at length Alice rose and left him, declining his escort for any portion of her way, taking leave of him with the simple grace of her old manner, Hugh Gaynor sat still, and pondered deeply on what had passed. He had purposely abstained from telling Alice that he had called on Mr.

Eliot Foster with a view to obtaining information respecting Henry Hurst, because from the moment she had shown unwillingness to answer his questions, he had been impressed with the conviction that Henry Hurst was her husband. Remembering the account which Mr. Eliot Foster had given him of the perversity of the young man's disposition, he feared, if it came to his knowledge that any acquaintance existed between himself and the lawyer, he would forbid Alice to see him. As her slight figure passed along the formal *allée*, by the sentinel statues, and under the gaunt trees, Hugh Gaynor watched it with deep trouble in his heart.

"I am not very happy," she said, thought Hugh; 'easy to see that, poor child! That old man was right; if it be as I suppose, it was an evil fate for her to fall into Henry Hurst's hands. I trust he will let her come to see me. I hope she will be looking more like herself when I see her next.'

On their way home, Alice told Honorine a great deal about Hugh Gaynor. The pleasure of seeing him, the new thoughts and hopes which the incident excited, broke down for a while the habitual reticence of her nature, and her spontaneous confidence increased the regard which Honorine already felt for her. Alice was not aware how thoroughly Honorine comprehended her position; she did not know that her servant knew how much she dreaded a refusal on her husband's part of the request she was about to make, and how little she was entitled to feel confident of the success of any petition of hers. During the progress of their conversation, Honorine had formed a resolution on her own part, which she did not confide to her mistress. Monsieur's displeasure had never been a matter of very great consequence to her at any time, and under present circumstances it was of none; she was therefore free to act, and she would see this gentleman, so interested in her *petite dame*, this distinguished person with the *pasteur*-like air, and tell him all she knew — and that was a good deal more than either Monsieur or Madame had any notion of — if Monsieur did not give Madame permission to see her old friend. Who could tell, perhaps this gentleman might inspire Monsieur with awe, and she, Honorine, be the instrument of preventing the sale of Madame at Smithfield? Her kindly resolve, and the confidential relations established between her mistress and herself, emboldened Honorine to talk to Alice after they had reached home about herself and her

plans; and Alice learned with pleasure that she had been engaged, through the friendly offices of the *concierge*, as a chambermaid at the Hotel Bristol. She had found her life a little *triste*, she confessed, of late—not by the fault of Madame, who was an angel of goodness; and she liked the prospect of the stir of a hotel, and the constant variety of *voyageurs*. So the time passed, not wearily, until the hour at which Alice looked for Henry Hurst's return arrived, but did not bring him with it.

Not until very late at night did Alice abandon the hope of his coming; but he did not come, and the morning hours of the following day wore away without any news of him.

Then Alice's timid heart began to fail her. Suppose he did not come back all day? Suppose Hugh Gaynor should be unable to protract his stay in Paris, and she should thus fail to see him? She consulted Honorine in the difficulty, who gave her advice which Alice lacked the courage to act upon. She did not dare to revise her first resolution, and go to see Hugh Gaynor without her husband's knowledge. There was nothing for it but writing to him. So when the afternoon came, and Henry Hurst did not return, Alice wrote the following words, to which she did not append her address:

'DEAR MR. GAYNOR, — I cannot call on you to-day; if I am permitted, I will do so to-morrow. — ALICE.'

'If he can remain another day, he will do so,' she thought; 'and if he cannot, I must only bear it.' Then Alice gave her note to Honorine, with directions to despatch a commissionaire with it; which Honorine did. But Alice's note never reached its destination, for a cause which has frequently produced a similar result. The messenger was paid, and told there was 'no answer;' so he did not trouble himself about the delivery of the missive, but devoted himself to more immediately pressing and profitable commissions.

The day ended, and still Henry Hurst did not return. Alice began to despair, and the morning found her pale and weary after a sleepless night.

"It is hardly possible that he can remain another day in Paris," said Alice to her sympathising servant, whose heart was touched by the tear-stained face. O Honorine, what shall I do? There was nothing to be done, in Honorine's opinion, since Madame really thought it would not

be right for her to go and see her old friend—a gentleman so truly paternal in his manner, too—without the permission of Monsieur, except to send her, Honorine, to inquire if Mr. Gaynor could prolong his stay in Paris a little. She would only ask this ('just now,' was Honorine's mental reservation); Madame could surely trust her. Alice assented to this proposition, and Honorine promptly departed on her mission.

Hugh Gaynor had waited, in much suspense and anxiety, for the appearance of Alice, or the promised tidings of her. She did not come; she did not write. He obtained, with some difficulty, a day's delay, but still she made no sign. Then, with much regret and self-reproach that he had yielded to her fears, and had not taken active steps to solve his doubts about her, Hugh Gaynor came to the conclusion that, unless another happy accident should at some future time throw her in his way, he should see or hear no more of the woman for whom he felt all the keen interest of former times, with the addition of deep compassion.

When Honorine inquired for 'No. 70,' at Meurice's, she was informed that that gentleman and his party had left Paris at an early hour that morning, *en route* for Rome. Further questioning concerning so entirely uninteresting an individual as a *voyageur* who had paid his bill and vacated his apartment could not be expected to be well received; but Honorine was resolute, and succeeded in ascertaining that No. 70 had not received Alice's note, which had indeed been deposited by the recreant commissionaire at the hotel since his departure. On asking whether No. 70 was known at Meurice's, she was told he was not, but that one of the gentlemen of his party frequented the hotel. Was this gentleman likely to return to Paris soon? He had ordered an apartment for that day six weeks. Good; then would Honorine's informant accept five francs, and charge himself with the delivery to that gentleman, expected to return in six weeks, of a message which he the informant must have the goodness to write out, as she could not write well enough for the purpose? The informant did accept the five francs, and did write out the message in the *concierge's* lodge. It was addressed to Mr. Herbert Bingham, and it being translated, was thus expressed:

'Please let Mr. Gaynor, Protestant minister, know that if he wishes to hear of the lady whom he met in the gardens of the Luxembourg two days before he left Paris,

he must apply to Honorine Duclos, chambermaid at the Hotel Bristol. This is very important to Mr. Gaynor.'

CHAPTER VIII.

MEANING MISCHIEF.

WITHIN a week after the failure of Hugh Gaynor's attempt to learn the story of Alice's life, she and her husband left Paris. The perverse temper of Henry Hurst made the closing days of their residence there very trying to his wife; he resented everything like personal inconvenience, and not the utmost exertion of her skill and care could prevent his being subjected to the inevitable discomforts of moving; not all her cheerful industry could stretch their narrow means so as to procure that luxury of the rich—the doing of troublesome and fatiguing things without trouble or fatigue. The disappointment about seeing her old friend had told upon Alice; any event was great in her lonely brooding life, and it had brought to her a doomed feeling, a sense that fate was against her, which sank deeply into her heart. Her husband came back in a particularly morose and bitter mood, and she did not dare to tell him of the meeting at the Luxembourg, and the subsequent mischance. She would tell him at another time, when she might speak with only the fear, not the certainty, of a repulse. But the day passed, and Alice did not tell him; and they left Paris, and she had not told him. The parting between her and Honorine was warmly friendly, and Alice clung with all the hopefulness that was in her to the slight chance of once more finding her old friend, afforded by Honorine's message. On her part, she promised to keep Honorine informed of her movements. That kind-hearted woman saw her *cidevant* mistress depart with sore misgivings. She had liked Monsieur less during the last few days than ever.

So one phase of Alice's married life was ended; and she had entered on another not less difficult and dreary-seeming, for every day made the unsuitability between her and her husband more and more apparent. Had the interview for which she had hoped taken place, the story she would have had to tell Hugh Gaynor would have been simple and few in its details; the true story of her life was not to be told in words, though easily to be divined by the discerning spirit of sympathy. It seemed incredible sometimes to herself that she could have been so far astray in her estimate of the character of one whom she had known so long and so intimately, one whose child-

hood and youth had been passed beside her. What spell had she been under, what blindness of the mind had fallen upon her? She had no comprehension of her own utter want of experience; she did not know that she made for herself a world in her imagination, and lived there; she was profoundly ignorant of life. Was not he to be her buckler against all its ills, such as she had vaguely heard of; was he not to be her consolation if any kind of trouble could find its way into a destiny shared with him? That sorrow could come through his means, could be dealt to her by his hand, was as foreign from her fears in anticipation as it was terrible in actual experience. Alice, with much less power of supporting such a fate than the numerous women to whom it is apportioned, found that the man, or rather the phantom, whom she had loved, was a being of one order, and the man whom she had married was a being of another. Still she loved him; the fidelity and patience of her nature made her true to the old absorbing feeling, though there was no longer happiness in it, and she had no more comprehension that in wrenching her heart away from him she might find some peace and freedom, than she had the power to do it. She was not under the same extent of delusion about her husband as she had been about her lover, but she was very far from understanding him yet; and though she feared him to a degree which utterly crushed her spirit and deprived her life of all possibility of enjoyment, her trusting simplicity of character preserved her from a forecasting of the future in which his real attributes should play the part which might be expected. That he was tired of her, discontented with her; that she had little or no influence over him; that he despised her for her ignorance and her timidity, held her faith a silly superstition, and regarded her womanly dependence and craving for love in impatient contempt, she knew and felt in every minute of her existence, like the ceaseless quivering of a nerve in pain. But she had not, happily for her, the lamentable wisdom which would have taught her that the future must develop such a present into graver disaster, and that the disunion which had already arisen must become wider—that Henry Hurst's weariness of her would deepen into disgust. There was no principle to restrain, no generosity to soften him, and it was well for Alice that she did not realise that truth in all its extent, and could not foresee its consequences.

In the humility of her nature, Alice underrated herself in every way; in her en-

thusiasm of affection and constancy she overrated her husband, even after the disenchantment of her hopes and dreams had become an old story. She felt herself continually at fault; she was like one groping in the dark, and day by day her path became more and more encumbered with obstacles, and her timid feet trod it with increasing pain and difficulty. 'He cannot have cared for me ever,' she would say to herself when she had sustained one of her daily defeats, 'except just as his playfellow and child-companion. He married me out of pity because I was quite alone.' Then the pain of that conviction being too intense for her to bear without trying to alleviate it, she would have recourse to the letters which had sustained her during Henry's long absence, and read their protestations and their plans with wonder, with agony. What had she done, in what was she changed, that all this had come so utterly to naught; that it had never been, but for a few brief weeks, and had left her, to feel that she was in strange, unsuspected hands? — for her husband was totally different from the ideal she had formed of him. She puzzled and wearied herself with self-questioning, and self-commune, with severe introspection, with melancholy musing; she could not find out where the fault lay. And no wonder, for it was not in her. She was as she had ever been — a pure, gentle, womanly, unworldly creature, for whom all life's meaning and value consisted in the home-affections and duties; a dreamer of dreams indeed, and of too sentimental a turn of mind for her own peace under any circumstances, but well-endowed with practical qualities too; a woman who might have been happiest among the happy. The narrow sphere in which she had lived had made Alice content with the simplest and humblest conditions of life; to her, ambition and the thirst for wealth and pleasure were not only unknown, but inconceivable.

This was the thirst which consumed Henry Hurst; ambition was the dominant passion of his nature. The fierce revolt against his lot, which had found expression in his interviews with Mr. Eliot Foster, had been but temporarily quelled or suspended by his marriage, and had again resumed its workings. The influence of his life in Paris before his marriage had been injurious to his moral nature; already terribly susceptible of evil, it hardened and embittered him, by the confirmation which it afforded to his belief in pleasure as the only good. When Alice's letter, written after her mother's death, reached him, it touched the few re-

maining generous impulses in his nature, and gave rise to some good resolves. After his fashion, he loved Alice. He had lost respect for womanhood, in the abstract; he was a skeptic in every sense; but he had not ceased to care for her, and he did not think of the contrasts which his later life had shown him; he did not take into account that her attraction had been for the boy who knew no more of the world than she did. That such a project as his marriage, under such circumstances, would excite the liveliest ridicule among his associates, he was well aware, and he said nothing about it till he returned to Paris accompanied by Alice. His change of name excited little comment among the wild set to which he belonged; probably it had something to do with the incomprehensible laws of England — no matter, it was not their affair; but the wife, the little Madame, who was not at all *spirituel*, and who had so much the air of a Quaker? — well, the wife was also his affair, as Jules and Henri, Armand and Pierre agreed, and a *triste* affair too. But they saw very little of her, and heard less; and she was evidently no restraint upon her husband, who was as *gaillard* as ever; and so Jules and Henri, Armand and Pierre, thought no more about poor Alice, especially when the fatal rumour spread among them that she was *dévote*. How much or how little her husband thought about her, nobody knew, and nobody cared. His love for her lasted a very short time, and the generous impulse which had animated him when he induced her to make him the master of her destiny, gave way before the weariness with which her timid nature, her unworldly notions, and her lowliness of heart inspired him. She provoked him inexpressibly by the very submissiveness, the pure and perfect goodness, which contrasted so strongly with his fierce self-love and self-will, his morose humour, and the utter materiality of his tastes, which she could not even comprehend. Something in her nature, in her presence, which he could not define, but which was really their beautiful protesting purity, exasperated him, and aroused in him the tyrannical instinct which had always existed. He could not ignore, he could not fail to admire, her beauty, but he wearied of it. That pure, passionless face had but an insipid charm for him at the best, and Alice never knew or cared how to make the most of her rare loveliness. True, she had not the means of adorning herself, but neither had she the taste. Any one of the women of his acquaintance, her husband told her once, contemptuously, could have made ten times as much of the

slender means at her disposal; but she liked to be a dowdy—it was part of her religion, he supposed. Her mild protest and explanation did not avail, and thenceforward Alice cared less for her beauty than ever, seeing that he cared for it not at all.

The perpetual pain of her disappointed love was such, that Alice could find no alleviation, no distraction from it. It rendered her life worthless to her, and she did not struggle against it. Since there was nothing in life like what she had pictured it, why should she delude herself in any other way? Nothing would be what she supposed it; better the void than further misery. It was quite true that Alice 'moped.' She had not the wisdom to avoid that injudicious yielding to her feelings, that acceleration of the transition in those of Henry Hurst. She 'moped' because she was unhappy, and also because the deadly element of jealousy, in one of its most common forms, had begun to mingle with her unhappiness. Her husband could make himself so delightful to others. Her opportunities of observation were not many, but they were conclusive. How handsome he looked, how graceful, how bright, how agreeable and complaisant he could be, and with what animation and brilliancy he could talk, of things indeed which she but dimly understood, but would have striven to learn, and followed with so much interest, if she had dared. Her jealousy took no personal direction; her innocence, her unsuspiciousness, protected her in that respect; she suffered alike, whether the society in which he shone, with a light he never cared to show to her, were that of men or women. It sufficed that he was wholly indifferent to her, that for her he had dark looks, sneers, morose words, or in his better moods only a careless, absent kindness little less hard to bear. She knew this; nothing could alter the fact; but she need not inflict upon herself the constant proof of it, so Alice lived as much as possible alone.

In only two respects Henry Hurst sustained the estimate which his wife had formed of him. He was clever and industrious, he liked the profession he had chosen, and he worked hard at it. But for the fatal influence of his false position in life, he might have been a different man. This it was which strengthened every defect, which embittered his mind, and made him regard his fellows with ceaseless, craving envy. The name and the money which he might have made, which his talents and his industry would in time secure, he held in disdain, while yet he coveted them, and strove for them. These were the desired meed of

men who were born to struggle with the world, to work their way in it; they knew that, and went on their appointed path with good-will, not haunted by doubt, and beset by injustice. Who was there to tell *him* that he was one of those men? Who was there to assure him that labour and not luxury was his birthright, was his rightful destiny, and not the imposition upon him of cruelty, fraud, and wrong? He and his associates—the young men who worked with him, cheerful, content, feeling themselves in the right groove—were not on a level; his ignorance of his origin set him apart from them by a barrier which could not be overthrown. The utmost their efforts could achieve might be less than what he was entitled to. The tastes, the desires, the passions of which he was conscious, might not have given him the pain of the unattainable; if he had been in his true sphere, they might have been fitting adjuncts of his condition, and not penalties of it, dumb protests against it. So the strife within him raged ever more and more fiercely, and his mind was full of vague, sullen resentment.

His neglected young wife knew little of all this. He had long ceased to talk with her of his early history, to discuss the probabilities which had furnished them with subjects for the endless discussions of their boy-and-girl days. Alice rarely thought of her husband's unknown origin, rarely remembered what a mystery hung about him. That he had been born in any superior sphere of life appeared to her neither likely nor desirable; her visions had never taken that form—which was fortunate, as, if they had, she would probably have suffered still more from her imaginary estimate of his superiority. She never, of her own choice, revived the subject, it was too painful; for the bitterness and anger with which it filled Henry Hurst, aroused in her fear and evil anticipation.

For some time after they arrived in England, Alice's life was brighter than usual. Her husband was away from his habitual associates, and had not formed new companionships among men of his own class in London. The arrangement of the work which he had undertaken to do for the Messrs. G—occupied much of his time. His roving tour was not to commence until spring, when the country would be in all its beauty. With the exception of a few days which preceded and a few which followed her marriage, Alice had never sojourned in London, and her better spirits and Henry's better temper enabled her to enjoy the novelty a little, just at first. She had no hope

of being permitted to accompany him in his approaching rambles; but she did not complain. She accepted the boon of an improved state of things in the present thankfully, and was almost happy in her lodgings on the first floor of a bare but roomy house in Southampton-row. No tidings reached her of Hugh Gaynor. She concluded that the device by which Honorine had hoped to communicate with him had proved unsuccessful. Alice suffered less than she had suffered in Paris from the sense of strangeness. She lived a more solitary life, for in London she knew literally no one; but the people about her spoke her own language, and their 'ways' resembled those which had been familiar to her. On the whole this was a peaceful interval, to which she was to look back afterwards with terrible, unavailing regret. She 'moped' less, she read more, she tried to occupy herself in many ways, and in any eyes but those in which alone she cared to find favour she would have seemed a most beautiful and attractive woman. Occasionally she went with her husband to see some of the sights of London, to walk in the parks, or see a play. Her ignorance of the habits and customs of fashionable life was profound; she had no notion that Mrs. Haviland and Miss Burdett would have been incredulously amused at the mere notion of their being in town, at the time of year when Alice never left the house without thinking she might see them pass her by in a carriage, or entered any public place without eagerly scanning the crowd, in the hope that her eyes might light upon their faces.

She did not tell her husband of this lurking, slight interest in her life. She shrank from the frequent sneers which had formerly, until she had learned to suppress their manifestation, rebuked the 'silliness' of her 'romantic notions.' If ever she should have the happiness of seeing those well-remembered faces again, and the ladies should condescend to notice her, she would remind him of the letter she had written to him describing their visit to 'the Gift,' but while they remained only a radiant vision in her memory, a delightful possibility to her hopes, she would keep her thoughts of them to herself—as she was but too well used to keep all her thoughts and memories. How strange, how inexplicable it seemed to her differently-constituted, sensitively-strung mind, that any recurrence to the past, any reference to their childish days, wearied Henry, and made him impatient. She had not the word of that enigma.

The spring was early, and promised to be very fine. Henry Hurst was about to begin his task, which he expected to extend over two years at least, with intervals of rest. He was to be handsomely paid for his work, and on its completion he would go abroad, to Italy, the home of the Arts. He took Alice into but small account in any of his schemes for the future; he had gradually come to regard her as an inevitable nuisance, to be thought of as little as possible. A frightfully unnatural state of things, considering her youth, and the antecedents of the husband and wife; but true, for all that — only too true. His first destination was Dorsetshire, and before he started, he made arrangements for the location of the 'inevitable nuisance.'

'You cannot remain by yourself in a London lodging,' Henry Hurst said to his wife on this occasion; 'I must take a cottage in some pleasant suburb for you, and you can have a servant and make yourself comfortable.'

'Then you will not take me with you?' said Alice with a pleading smile, which the young man must have been indeed hard-hearted to resist. 'Are you quite determined? I would not be in your way, or trouble you at all.'

'Once for all, Alice,' replied her husband with his blackest frown, 'have done with this. I cannot take you with me. I suppose you, who have ostentatiously courted solitude when it didn't happen to suit me, are not going to pretend you cannot bear it now.'

'It is not that,' replied Alice hurriedly; 'it is not that. But never mind me — I am foolish and weak. When am I ever otherwise? or, at least, when do you ever think me so? I will do anything, I will go anywhere you please.'

'Yes, and make a tremendous fuss about it. Anyone would think I was proposing something dreadful to you instead of a pleasant house of your own, where you can be as quiet as you please and do as you like.'

He spoke as if 'doing as she liked' were the ordinary state of things with Alice. She kept a thoughtful silence for some minutes (during which he regarded her with a lowering look), and then said:

'I will not make any objection to anything you wish, dear; but if you would let me choose, I should like to live somewhere in the neighbourhood of our old home. Do you remember once, when we were little children, my mother took us to the seaside? — it was the first time we had ever seen it;

it was not very far from home, I think, as well as I can remember—I should like to go there while you are away.'

'I think I remember the place you mean,' said Henry Hurst, 'near the Blackwater. A quiet place enough, I daresay, and healthy. If I cannot get a house for you, I suppose some sort of decent lodgings can be had. At any rate, I will try. Couldn't you manage to look pleased, Alice, just by way of a little variety?'

Meriton was a pleasant place at all times. The house was spacious and handsome. Its master had added considerably to its size, and the good taste of its mistress had brought its internal arrangements to a very high degree of excellence. Stephen Haviland was characterised by all the virtues of a country gentleman—a capital stud and an irreproachable cellar included. Julia, his wife, was an admirable hostess—she never interfered with her guests, especially in their flirtations, and she took care they had all the material components of comfort and enjoyment. Meriton was an especially pleasant place in the autumn and the shooting season, when Frank Burdett was more particularly at home there, and lent his very efficient aid to both Mr. and Mrs. Haviland in their separate departments. It was, of course, inevitable that Frank Burdett should grow old—he had, indeed, made no trifling progress in that direction already—but nothing seemed less probable than that he should ever look so. It gave his beautiful young daughter keen delight to observe his youthfulness of looks and spirits, and she rejoiced mightily in being at Meriton, because when there she had her father almost always with her.

'It is so pleasant,' she said one day with a pretty wilfulness, which none but the most acrimonious could have misinterpreted, 'to have some one about me who never thinks of disobeying me, and who believes everything I do to be—what is it that dreadful man says in that dreadful poem Miss Glenie used to make me learn when I was naughty?—"discreetest, wisest, virtuous—est, best." There, Captain Medway, I'm sure you are astonished at my memory. Why don't you ease your mind by saying so?'

While the gallant but not over-ready officer was seeking for an answer, and apparently expecting to find it either in his shirt-collar or in his whiskers, Madeleine forgot all about him, and was busily expatiating on the delights of Meriton from some other point of view. She did not exaggerate them. All who were admitted to a share in

them liked the place, and the sun of prosperity shone steadily upon its owners.

Madeleine Burdett's engagement to Verner Bingham was a year old—their 'odious youth' was lessened so much—and the assembling of a large party at Meriton previous to the partridge-shooting was expected in the autumn of the same year which had seen Henry Hurst commence his rambling artistic studies, and Alice take up her abode in a retired spot on the eastern coast, a short distance from the mouth of the Blackwater. The party, when met at Meriton, included Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and their daughters, who contributed the chief portion of the 'family' element to the gathering. Mr. Marsh, usually spoken of by his wife as 'my Ned,' was a gentleman of the harmless and inexpressive character to whom that style of appellation seems peculiarly appropriate. He was good-natured, slow, very well off, and perfectly amenable to his Maria, whom he held in admiration and respect, almost equal in intensity to the sentiments entertained towards herself by that lady. Mr. Marsh believed in the Havilands thoroughly, and was a happy man. His manner of life, his opinions, his engagements, his politics, his money-matters, and his dress were all regulated for him; but he had no objection. He liked ordering his own dinner, and eating it gave him sensible satisfaction; but as the Havilands approved of good living, he was indulged even on that point. He was very fond of his wife, but perhaps only moderately attached to his daughters, a pair of big bouncing young women, with loud voices, decided opinions, and awe-inspiring manners. Needless to add that they were perfect Havilands. Miss Angelina and Miss Clementina Marsh were girls of the (then) period, which, though differing from the present in some very material particulars—a difference on which the society of to-day is by no means to be congratulated—had a good many objectionable features. They talked politics and religious controversy; they were offensively well-informed about elections; they were given to *pronunciamentos* in favour of popular preachers; they danced the polka vehemently; they bored every one who could not escape from them about the insularities of England, and the advantages of a cosmopolitan taste; they dressed in the worst possible foreign style, being wholly unaware of the special manufacture of millinery for the English market, and falling readily into the snare; and they detested Madeleine Burdett.

It was not to be expected, even from the Haviland ramification of human nature,

that the 'precious legacy' should be regarded with much favour by her cousins, who, though they had no just grounds of complaint against fate and fortune on any score, had nothing like the advantages and indulgences which the 'removal' of Selina had been the means of securing to her daughter. A rich, childless uncle, with a fine country place and an unimpeachable town-house, an eminently fashionable wife, a seat in parliament, and all the contingent social advantages conferred by so pleasant a combination, is a very charming member of a family, provided that he understands the duties and privileges of his position properly, and divides the benefits he has it in his power to bestow, conscientiously. But when he makes an 'invidious selection,' as Mrs. Marsh feelingly described Stephen Haviland's adoption of Madeleine, and adheres to that selection in so provokingly narrow a spirit that he might as well have had ever so many children of his own, so far as the unselected nephews and nieces are concerned, he is no such great acquisition after all. The strong sentiments entertained on this point by the Marshes and the Fanshaws were not altogether without warrant. Stephen Haviland invited their 'young people' sometimes to Meriton, and on those occasions they had their fair share of the enjoyments the place afforded. But this was merely a general attention. They had none of the dear delightful privileges of intimacy with the important Mrs. Haviland and the admired Miss Burdett. They were asked to Mrs. Haviland's balls in the season, but of invitations which mean so much more they received none. Julia did not pretend to feel any more interest in them than in the scores of young ladies who danced in her rooms, and flirted on her staircases. The glimpse afforded her of the family *tactique* when Selina died had sufficed for her acuteness; she calmly preserved the attitude which she had then assumed, and Madeleine alone was admitted within the charmed circle of whose pleasures and pastimes the Misses Marsh permitted themselves to talk, sometimes boastfully and sometimes disparagingly, as suited their audience, but always with some precaution as regarded Mrs. Haviland's becoming aware of their flights of fancy. Angelina and Clementina disapproved of Madeleine for several reasons. First, she was 'a Burdett,' and it was undeniable that her 'style' was admired. Secondly, she had a flighty, inconsiderate manner—a habit of saying things which people, particularly men, considered witty, but in which they found nothing to admire; and it was quite lamentable

that a girl with so little 'conversation' should attract the attention of sensible men, and thus assist to give society a frivolous tone. Lastly, she had an independence about her in dress, and in choosing her associates, and in her way of attracting the 'best' young men to her, and keeping their attention fixed on her for just as long as she found them amusing, which weak people called artless, girlish fascination, but which they regarded as reprehensible flirtation. If Angelina and Clementina had known, when they made their not remarkably triumphant entry among the party assembled at Meriton, that Madeleine was 'engaged,' their feelings towards her might have undergone a salutary change, but, on the other hand, they would have been very much shocked. It was bad enough to see Captain Medway, one of the most presentable men they knew—the Misses Marsh observed the true Haviland moderation of praise—making himself so absurdly conspicuous about her, and to see her taking his homage as a matter of course; but if they had known that his homage, like that of many another man whom they were destined to observe during their visit, must be quite infructuous, they would have regarded her with lofty horror rather than with ill-disguised envy. But they knew nothing about Verner Bingham; and Madeleine's position seemed more unassailable and her bearing more *insouciant* than ever.

Angelina and Clementina usually spoke of their cousin as 'that disagreeable girl,' but when they retired to their rooms that night, having had but moderate opportunity for the exhibition of all the Haviland talents, they called her 'detestable.'

Mrs. Haviland, who had not lost her skill in the reading of character, or her taste for its employ, perfectly understood the sentiments of Angelina and Clementina, and likewise of their mother. They amused her a good deal. In truth, there was nothing of the conventional *fiancée* in Madeleine Burdett's manner. She did not muse or mope; she was not absent in her mood, or pale or pensive in her looks; she did not watch the arrival of the post with ostentatious avidity, nor did she expend an unreasonable quantity of time in writing letters. She was not deficient in the ordinary courtesies of life to her friends who were present, in honour of the one particular friend who was absent; she was not incapable of interesting herself in any human affairs except her own; she did not take pains to prove to her relatives that she was entirely indifferent to them and their interests and pleasures. She ate with a good appe-

tite, danced with undiminished spirit, laughed quite as much as usual; in short, she did not make herself a nuisance to everybody, and was, in consequence, totally unlike the engaged young lady whose friends are debarred by circumstances from anticipating the happy release of her speedy marriage.

Madeleine was less exceptional in the hearty and undisguised pleasure with which she received the tribute of admiration so generally paid her. It has occurred a few times to on-lookers at the game of life, to observe that the most sentimental and even lugubrious young ladies in the engaged condition have no objection to flirtations more or less mild, and entertain liberal notions concerning permissible 'friendships,' and the good which their influence is calculated to do to impressible mankind. Madeleine had no theories upon this point; but her practice was to make herself very charming to all comers, and to let them take the consequences. If Verner Bingham had been present, she would not have made the smallest difference in her manner; in his absence she had more time to make herself generally agreeable, that was all. But it will be easily understood that the young-lady section of the community explained Madeleine's charming manner by declaring her to be a flirt; and would have described it still more harshly had they known the truth.

For all this, Madeleine was not generally unpopular with women. There were many sufficiently generous to like and admire the fair, bright young girl, and she was just as charming to the women who were her friends as to the men; while the dislike of her cousins troubled her not in the least. She had heard some of the strictures passed upon her conduct by Angelina and Clementina; and even a few of their prognostications of the inevitable evil termination of what they more tersely than elegantly called her 'goings on.' But she was too happy, as well as too generous, to care for anything of the kind, and would have been genuinely delighted if society would have accepted Angelina and Clementina according to the Haviland valuation. That fraction of society which formed the autumn party at Meriton did not so accept them; but Madeleine exerted the tact which she possessed in a degree calculated to be of much use to her as the wife of a — it was to be hoped —

rising diplomatist, and contrived to keep her cousins in a very good humour without making any sacrifices of a painful nature.

It was in the course of the second week after the autumn festivities at Meriton had commenced, that Stephen Haviland told his wife he had been requested by Messrs. G—, the well-known engravers, to permit an artist in their employment to make drawings of the house and grounds of Meriton, for the purpose of giving them a place in a work designed to illustrate the architectural and landscape beauties of England, and which was destined to be the finest work of the kind in existence. This was the sort of request that Stephen Haviland liked to have made to him. It flattered his sense of self-importance and his pride in all his possessions. Julia did not care particularly about the matter, but her invariable good taste led her to a graceful acquiescence; and also to signify her assent to her husband's proposition that it would be well to offer some attention to the artist, who would probably arrive soon after the necessary formality of his reply. Madeleine, who had been listening with her usual lively interest, intervened at this point by saying:

'I wonder if he would give me some drawing-lessons while he is down here, uncle? Do you think he is too high and mighty, an artist on too grand a scale, for that sort of thing?'

'I don't know indeed, my dear,' answered Stephen; 'I am inclined to imagine not, however. A commission of this kind does not bespeak much importance. I can find out as soon as I see him.'

'Thank you, uncle,' said Madeleine. 'It will be so delightful if he should not object to giving me lessons. I was getting on so nicely with that dear old Colebrook — the only thing I really regretted leaving town for was my drawing. — You don't object, do you, aunt?' she added, turning with a smile of security to Julia.

'Certainly not, Maddy, if your uncle can manage it for you. — Who is this person, Stephen? Anyone one knows anything about? Do the Messrs. G— name him?'

'Yes,' said Stephen, 'they do. I think I have the letter here, but I don't know the name at all. Ah, yes, here it is' — he had taken a letter from his breast-pocket, and was looking hurriedly through it — 'his name is Horace Holmes.'

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

JUDICIAL OATHS OF HEATHEN WITNESSES.*

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY has just published an interesting and even amusing pamphlet on the subject of the system adopted in our courts of law at home and in most of the colonies of administering judicial oaths to people who are not Christians. He proposes that such oaths should be altogether abolished, and we think that no one who reads his pamphlet can doubt that, if his facts are correct—and he appears to have taken great pains to ascertain their correctness—his inference follows from them. Mr. Anstey very fairly says that he objects to all oaths, promissory, compurgatory, or assertory, and whether the witnesses be Christians or heathens, but, without entering upon so wide and well worn a discussion, his special objections to oaths administered to heathen witnesses deserve the careful attention of all persons interested in the reform of the law.

The theory upon which the use of oaths is justified is that the person who takes the oath is impressed with the belief that Divine vengeance will overtake him here or hereafter if he commits perjury, and no doubt the practice of taking oaths has been so much mixed up with our political and social arrangements that most people are more or less open to such impressions. But however this may be with European Christians, bred up to believe in one God, essentially holy and an enemy to falsehood, it is far otherwise with regard to the innumerable mass of heathens, who have no such belief. "Amongst the people of China," says Mr. Anstey, "oaths are utterly unknown except to such of them as may have visited our own courts of justice." Swearing, he says, is contrary to the principles of Buddhism, and according to the principles of the followers of Confucius it is a mere absurdity. It might naturally be supposed, however, that it is at worst useless. Mr. Anstey takes from us this rag of comfort. He says, and with the greatest plausibility, that it makes the administration of justice ridiculous in the eyes of the Chinese, and in particular conveys to their minds the natural impression that perjury is no crime in a temporal point of view, inasmuch as we trust to the efficacy of charms to ensure the truthfulness of our witnesses. The

mischievous, however, does not even stop here. The whole theory of swearing rests upon the notion that the person taking the oath believes in its binding efficacy; but we, it appears, have got hold of a set of misbegotten ceremonies which have no meaning at all to the Chinese or to any one else, but which we absurdly suppose to be binding on their consciences. Mr. Anstey declares that the ceremony of breaking a saucer and telling the witness that in case of perjury "his soul" (it used to be his body, but "soul" was regarded as a more pious expression) "would be cracked like the saucer" is a proceeding as idiotic in the eyes of a Chinaman as in the eyes of an Englishman. He shows, indeed, by an investigation which we have not room to follow out, that the form was originally adopted on the strength of a cock and a bull story told by one Antonio at the Old Bailey in 1804 on the prosecution of a man named Alsey for stealing money from a Chinese. The form was completely unknown, and never used in China itself. In the treaty ports they used at one time to burn "paper of imprecation," which, says Mr. Anstey, always made the Chinamen laugh. The consequences were at once so absurd and so injurious that in the years 1856 and 1857 all judicial oaths were abolished by a Hong Kong ordinance, a warning as to the temporal penalties of perjury being substituted for them.

There is one objection to the administration of heathenish oaths which Mr. Anstey works out with great force, and which would not probably occur to any one who had not had the practical advantage which he has enjoyed for many years of seeing the system at work. At best we take advantage of a degraded superstition which directly encourages the grossest idolatry; but, as a rule, we fail to get our mess of pottage. When ignorant heathen people attach importance to an oath, as they often do, their view of its character is just as abject as that of the ignorant English or Irish man who kisses his thumb instead of kissing "the calfskin of King James's Bible," as Mr. Anstey puts it.

The heathen's god is perfectly indifferent to perjury, unless it is committed in violation of a strictly prescribed formula. If you say pocus hocus instead of hocus pocus the oath is utterly null and void. Now it is almost impossible to ascertain whether hocus pocus or pocus hocus is the true charm, and "Asiatics in general and the Chinese in particular take a singular pleasure in evading and overreaching any law of ceremonial imposed upon them by

* "On Judicial Oaths as Administered to Heathen Witnesses." By Thomas Chisholm Anstey, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. (London: Maxwell and Sons, 1868.)

foreigners from Europe or America." "What," says Mr. Anstey elsewhere, "are we to say to the wild tribes scattered over Sumatra and the Malay Peninsula, and many another outlying dominion of the Queen, swearing some by thunder and lightning, some by the falling tree of the forest, some by earth, some by old iron, some by the missile of death and so forth, each after their kind, yet one and all consentient in two things only — 1, that they fear no other ordeal and are always ready to swear with hilarity in whatsoever spiritual name they fear not; and 2, that they hold in the greatest dread the temporal power and its chastisements of the crime of

false witness?" He very properly concludes that we ought to leave the charms alone, and rely upon the real, substantial sanction of temporal punishment. He makes several good suggestions as to increasing the efficiency of this, the true sanction; and he might in particular have added that perjury in England is not punished with nearly enough severity. It may be doubted whether a judge should be allowed to pass a lighter sentence than that of penal servitude for a crime so enormous, so mischievous, so difficult to detect, and, we fear we must add, so common.

The pamphlet is in every way well worth reading.

From The Sunday Magazine.

THE GANG CHILDREN.

"Woe unto them that lay field to field till there be no place, that they may make themselves alone in the midst of the earth."—*Book of the Prophet Isaiah.*

"Am I my brother's keeper?"—*The Saying of Cain.*

"The principal seats of the agrarian evil which threatens to extend itself over a considerable portion of the rural districts of England are Norfolk, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, but especially Lincolnshire, which may be considered, in an agricultural sense, as almost a new creation; a great part of it, which was within the memory of living man a waste, has been brought into a state of the finest cultivation, and has added at least 230,000 acres to the corn-producing area of England. The low level of Norfolk, which was a hundred years ago but one vast bed of sedge and sallow bushes, now glows with red clover and the golden mustard and gladdens the eye with the verdure of turnip-fields and heavy crops of grain. In this reclaimed portion of England, farmhouses, barns, stables, and all that is required for agricultural prosperity, have been erected, but no thought has been taken for the labourer. No cottages have been built for his accommodation; in many cases, he must walk miles to his work; even on estates where he had been so fortunate as to secure an humble shelter he has been dispossessed of it lest he should become a pauper and a burden to the parish, and has been driven to find a home where and how he could. In the eastern districts of England many farms of 300 acres do not possess a single resident labourer."—*The Quarterly Review*, July, 1867.

Eight appears to be the ordinary age at which children join the agricultural gangs; in some instances, they have been known to do so even at four. It is a common practice with parents to stipulate that if the elder children are hired to the gangmaster he must take the younger ones too. The distances they have to walk, or rather run, before the labours of the day begin, are astounding; sometimes eight miles a day, as in a case near Peterborough. They leave at five in the morning, under the care of the gangmaster, and return at five at night. They work eight or nine hours; and during the last hour they are at work they will ask, said an old gangmaster, forty times what o'clock it is.

The atmosphere of moral corruption which surrounds agricultural gang-work is such as can be paralleled only in the interior of Africa; the behaviour and language of the girls and women is such that no respectable man can speak to them or even look at them without being shocked, and any decent female would shrink from meeting them as they walk homewards from the fields.

In a parish of Cambridgeshire, consisting of 18,000 acres, the whole of which is the property of the Duke of Bedford, labour for its cultivation can only be obtained at the distance of seven or eight miles.

EARLY, early, they rise,
In the twilight cold and grey
They rub their sleepy eyes,
"Is it morning so soon?" they say.

Early, early, the children rise,
And yet they are not merry nor wise,
Healthy nor wealthy are they.

Late, late, in the evening grey,
As they trudge on their homeward track,
From the fields where they've worked all day,
You may meet them coming back.

They are cold, perhaps they are wet,
They have worked in the fields all day,
They must surely be tired—and yet
They sing: are the children gay?

They woke at the voice of the bird;
In the fields, the whole day long,
They have been where the heavens were stirred
And thrilled by the lark's clear song;
Have they learnt of the lark to sing?

The lark from the grassy sod,
With the dew on his breast and wing,
That soars to the throne of God.
Have they followed his upward way?

But no! it would be a crime
Almost as bad as to play,
So to idle their precious time.

What flowers in the fields may blow,
What joys in the hedgerows lurk,
They do not ask or know,
They come to the fields to work:

And labour is such a boon,
In our world of sorrow and sin,
It cannot matter how soon
The little children begin.*

* At a meeting of the Norfolk Chamber of Commerce, on Saturday, October 11th, 1867, Mr. C. S. Read, M.P., said:—"The employment in which women and children employed in agriculture were occupied was light, and the hours during which they were employed were not long. A great deal of what might be called sentimental twaddle had

They have been in the fields all day,
Where the vetch and the orchis grow,
Yet these children do not play,
Nor the dandelion blow
Seed after seed away,
The hour of the clock to show;
Yet often the children ask to know
What is the time of day.

Some things perhaps they may miss,
That other children see,
The evening chat, and the kiss,
And the ride on daddy's knee;
To be tucked in their little beds
By a mother's loving care,
For at night they lay down their heads
And sleep—just anywhere.*

Perhaps they have never heard
Of Christ or of God, nor could tell
Who made them; not a word
Can the children read nor spell;
Yet they are not dull nor slow
Though they've gone to no village school,
There's many a thing they know
That is not learnt by rule.

They play at no little games,
But they've learnt the wicked song,

been talked on this subject. Some gentlemen said that when a poor girl went to field-work she was contaminated and spoiled, but he contended that, in all probability, she was contaminated and spoiled before she got there. *He thought a girl of eleven or twelve was as strong as a boy of about that age,* and he contended that there was no good farming without this juvenile and female labour. There were certain siddling operations on a farm for which the nimble fingers of children were particularly adapted. With regard to the educational part of the question, he knew that some thought it desirable that children should not be employed in work before nine years of age. He was sure, however, that unless a boy went to work when he was nine or ten years of age, he would not make a good labourer. It was important to remember that all restrictions as to the employment of children would fall heavily on their parents; the farmers would hardly feel them. The farmers were not opposed to education; on the contrary, they wished their labourers to be educated—for, all other things being equal, the educated labourer was certainly the best. He did not think the guardians of Norfolk could be charged with having neglected the education of pauper children. The charge of *1d.* per week was so trifling it did not enter into their calculations. With regard to school attendance on alternate days or weeks, such a system for children employed in agriculture would be useless to the farmer; it must be something like so many hours in the years. We must still look to the Sunday-Schools and night-schools for perfecting and keeping up education among our rural population."

*It is occasionally the practice of private gangs, organized and superintended by the farmers, to pass the night on the farms where they work; they then sleep in a barn or stable. One farmer used to turn in fifty boys and girls together, like so many sheep into a pen, and lock the door upon them for the night. "But then," observes Mr. C. S. Read, M. P., in the speech already quoted from, "you cannot go into any village street at nine or ten o'clock at night without seeing great boys and girls larking about, and in all probability some of these great girls and boys slept in the same room when they got home."

And with each of earth's nameless shames
They've been acquainted long.
They've heard no sweet story told
By the fire as the shadows fell,
But of evil—new and old—
They can give you the chronicle;
For they've learnt, and more quickly too,
For oaths, and for jeers, and for blows,
All that the pagan knew,
And all that the savage knows.

What matter! the world grows old,
To toil, to sin, and to die,
Is a story so often told
It never need make us sigh.
What is it?—a girl and a boy—
They are poor—they were never meant
To be the light and the joy
Of the homes to which they were sent.
In our nation's mighty schemes,
In the world's great working plan,
There was no room left, it seems,
For a woman, or for a man;
Blighted before they are blown,
Let them sink to the earth like weeds,
So long as our crops are grown,
So long as the sea recedes.

"What shall it profit a man,"
Is a saying widely known,
"Let him win and gain all he can,
If he lose his soul—his own?"
But speed to the giant plough,
And the harrow that grinds and rolls
O'er the broad smooth levels, now
Over other people's souls.

Oh! cruel lords of the soil,
No wonder your harvests glow
With ruddy and golden spoil,
When the earth is so fat below;
When you joy in your harvest won,
Do you think of your harvest lost,
And hid from the ripening sun?
Have you counted up the cost
Of the precious seeds forgot,
Flung in with heedless scorn,
In your furrows deep to rot,
That will not come up with the corn?
Girlhood, wifehood, youth,
And love, and all that was lent
Or given to make heaven a truth,
And life a sweet content.
Manhood and strength and joy,
The image divine of God;
It is but a girl and a boy
Ye have trampled back to the clod!

Then look o'er your lordly plains,
And go to your crowded mart,
And when ye tell o'er your gains,
Fling in many a broken heart
And blighted life, with the aches
And pangs of a childish frame,
With the waste and the loss that makes
The tale of a woman's shame;
With another cry in the streets,

And another ruffian jeer,
 And the laugh one so often meets,
 Far sadder than is the tear.
 Go ! count up the cost of all
 That fell with the stones that fell,
 When ye shook down the cottage wall
 To build up the felon's cell !
 Go number the weary feet
 That roam on an aimless track
 Of ruin and wrong, nor meet
 With aught that can lure them back;
 Because they have never known

What comfort meant since the day
 That left them naught for their own —
 When ye took their homes away.
 When the little daisy died
 That the cottage garden grew,
 Withered a nation's pride,
 With the rosemary, thrift, and rue.
 Hollow the harvest joy
 Of the land where the reapers mourn;
 Where the poor man's girl and his boy
 Count for less than the rich man's corn.
 DORA GREENWELL.

WITCHES AND THEIR CRAFT.—Considering how fearfully and inevitably witches were punished, it does seem astonishing that any, much less such myriads, should have professed them of the craft. But, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the acquisition of power to inflict storm and devastation, disease and death—in short, to wield all the weapons of destruction at will—was an irresistible temptation to the savage nature that then predominated in the lower classes, but not in the lower classes only, especially as the credit of that power was fraught, for a time at least, with very substantial results. For everybody sought the fraternity. Those who suffered, or who apprehended suffering, bought their services equally with those who desired to have suffering inflicted. The latter, however, were by far the more numerous, and the witches had very singular means of gratifying them. One of the strangest was to fashion an image of the hated individual during the celebration of certain infernal rites. The simulacrum was usually of virgin wax; but when it was meant to make the work of vengeance thoroughly sure, the clay taken from the depth of a well-used grave was generally preferred. The image being moulded according to rule, and baptised by a properly qualified priest, whatever injury was inflicted on the model, was believed to have a similar effect on the original. Did they tie up a member of the effigy, paralysis attacked the corresponding limb of the person represented, and continued to fester it so long as the ligature retained its place. Intense pain and fearful mutilation were thus assumed to be produced. Nor was even death itself beyond the wizard's reach. To secure this fatal result there were many approved recipes. Some pierced the heart of the statuette with a new needle; others melted it slowly before a fire; a third set it interred it at dead of night in consecrated ground with horrible burlesque of the burial service; and a fourth gathered the hair into the stomach of the model, and concealed it in the chamber—if possible under the pillow—of the intended victim. Such images

were prepared by Robert of Artois for the destruction of his principal enemies. In this way Euguerrand de Marigny was said to have slain Philip the Fair. Thus, too, Eleanor Cobham, wife of Duke Humphrey, was held to have attempted the life of Henry VI., and was supposed by a good many to have enfeebled his intellect. So also certain seminary priests were accused of working against Queen Elizabeth in Lincoln's Inn. And thus one of that monarch's courtiers, Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, was generally believed to have been murdered. "He died thinking himself bewitched," says our authority, "an opinion in which very many, and some of them very learned men, concurred. During his last sickness a homely wise woman was found mumbling in a corner in his chamber, but what, God knoweth. About midnight was found by Mr. Hallasall an image of wax, with hair like unto the hair of his honour's head, twisted through the belly thereof. And he fell twice into a trance, not able to move hand or foot, when he would have taken physic to do him good. In the end he cried out often against all witches and witchcraft." Of course the witches had counter-spells for this, as for every other contrivance; and these were as precise, disgusting, and blasphemous, too, as anything they were intended to neutralize. But the image was not always shaped to work destruction: it was accounted equally infallible in exciting love. Indeed, the licentious freaks of every high-born dame that way given, were invariably set down to the credit of these contrivances, and the slinner herself was excused and pitied as the unfortunate victim of some malignant hag or unprincipled lover; a theory which was marvellously convenient to the demi-rep, but by no means so to her admirers and confidants. Leicester is said to have wrought thus on Queen Elizabeth, Bothwell on Mary Stuart, half a score of her lovers on Margaret of Navarre, a long line of Spanish favourites on a succession of Peninsular queens, &c., &c.

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